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HYMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

O friends, we are drawing nearer home
As day by day goes by;
Nearer the fields of fadeless bloom,
The pure that never die.

To-morrow's sun, from dewlit bo-lrow
To mortcon, moves so near,
The every wave of death's dark sea
Breaks on their blissful shore.

God's ways are high above our ways—
So shall we learn at length,
And taste our lives to sing his praise
With all our mind, might, strength.

About our dwellers palls of ill,
No sun his shine denies,
And weeks the wonders of his will
Through pain and pestilence.

Things are the mysteries he employs,
Yet no life here will trust
Though it should blight our dearest joys,
And leaves us into dust.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERT BARD," "THE ROSE OF DEVILLE," "DORA DEANE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"She stood upon the high hill by the battle-field,
And the light of her beauty was on the field;
And she answered to the cries of men in her
Like a voice from the battle-field.

"She lived but one week with her perfect mate,
But she lives in the hearts of her people still;
We speak her name, and the shadows pass—
We've met at last, where? Dear Jesus knows!"

A few years only have elapsed since the public mind was electrified by the discovery of a strange theme of crimes, through which had perished within the space of twelve months every member of a noble family, and by which was terminated the honor of one of England's haughtiest peers and the life of one of his two loveliest daughters, and finally, which added a recent and thrilling domestic drama to those ancient histories and ghostly traditions that have long recollected ALLWORTH ABBEY the resort of the capricious, and the terror of the ignorant and the superstitious.

The peculiar circumstances were made sufficiently public at the time of the discovery; sense at least of the guilty parties were brought to justice, and the effigy of the chief criminal may even now be seen in a certain celebrated "Room of Horrors." But much also remained enveloped in mystery, for, satisfying the hue and hosts that were openly proved, there was a secret history, stranger, more ominous and more appalling, even than those ruthless crimes for which the convicted felons suffered.

The knowledge of this secret history came to me in a singular manner; and with the purpose of showing over what fatal pitfalls the most innocent feet may sometimes step, I proceed to relate the story, entreating my readers to remember, amidst its strangest revelations, that "nothing is so strange as reality," and nothing more incredible than truth:—

ALLWORTH ABBEY, the scenes of these events, is one of the most ancient monuments of monastic history left standing in the United Kingdom. The precise date of its foundation is lost in the dimness of fo-distant ages, and remains to this day a disputed point among learned antiquarians.

It is a vast and gloomy pile of Gothic architecture, situated at the foot of a deep and thickly-wooded glen, surrounded by high hills, that even at noonday cast a sombre shadow over the whole scene, which is one of the wildest, loneliest, and most picturesque to be found on the north-west coast of England. The surrounding country may be called mountainous, from the imposing height of the hills, and the profound depth of the vales.

Nothing can be more secluded, solitary, and completely shut the aspect of this place. The grim old Abbey, lurking at the bottom of its deep dell, reflected dimly in the dark lake, overshadowed by its tall trees, and closely shut in by high hills, is just the object to deepen and awe the beholder, even though the scene may have heard the fearful stories connected with the place.

Allworth Abbey is rich in historical associations and traditional lore. Its cloisters have sheltered kings; its walls have withstood sieges; it possesses its haunted cell, its spiritual rock and phantom maiden.

In the time of Henry the Church-burner and Wife-killer, Allworth Abbey was the home of a family friendly of Benedictine monks. And at the time of that tremendous visitation of wrath which overwhelmed the land, when

"The ire of an infuriate king
Rode forth upon destruction's wing,"

Allworth Abbey was besieged and sacked by a party of soldiers under Lord Leaton, a baron of ancient lineage in the North of England, and of great merit in the estimation of King Henry Bluebeard. The abbot was then at his side, his brethren were put to the sword, the Abbey was given to the flames, and the lands escheated to the King upon the conqueror.

Lord Leaton rebuilt the ruined portions of the Abbey, adapted it as a family residence, and constituted it the principal seat of his race. In its possession it remained from that time until the date of those strange household mysteries that I am about to disclose.

The last male representative of the Leatons of Allworth was Henry, Lord Leaton, whose name has since become so painfully memorable. With an ancient title, an ample fortune, a handsome person, well-cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, he married, early in life, a fair woman, every way worthy of his affections. Their union was blest by one child, Agatha, "sole daughter of his house," who, at the opening of this story, had just attained her eighteenth year.

A FEARFUL ACCUSATION.

It is scarcely possible for a human being to be happier than was Lord Leaton at this time. He lived in the Home Wood, in the midst of a fair wife in the maturity of her matronly beauty, and a lovely daughter, just budding into womanhood, endowed with an ancient title, an immense fortune, and a wide popularity. Lord Leaton was the most contented man in England.

It was not even a drawback to his happiness that fallen was no male heir to his titles and estates, for to Malcolm Montrose, the betrothed of his daughter, he had found a son nigher his own heart.

Malcolm Montrose, cool Norham, his younger brother, were the sons of Lord Leaton's half-sister, who had married a poor but proud Scottish laird. Their parents were now both dead. From their father they had inherited little more than an ancient name, a ruined tower, and a blasted heath. It was therefore only by the assistance of Lord Leaton that Malcolm was enabled to enter the University of Oxford, and Norham to obtain a commission in the army.

It was the high character of Malcolm Montrose that commended him so favorably to the esteem of Lord Leaton, and induced his lordship to promote the betrothal between that young gentleman and the young heiress of Allworth; for he is known that the engagement was rather of Lord Leaton's making than of the young pair's seeking.

They loved each other as brother and sister, nor dreamed of the possibility of a stronger affection. They had naturally and easily glided into the views of Lord and Lady Leaton, and had at length plighted their troth, by mutual and fatal faith, if not with the passionate love of which neither young heart had as yet any experience. One of the conditions of the betrothal was, that upon the marriage with Agatha, Malcolm Montrose should assume the name and arms of Leaton. It was upon her hand, in the event of the death of Lord Leaton, his son-in-law might succeed to the honors of the title.

It was soon after this solemn betrothal, that the great spring of 185-, that Malcolm Montrose took leave of his friends, and left England for an extended tour of the Continent.

Up to this time the life of Lord Leaton and his family had been one of unbroken happiness. From this time the clouds began to darken around them.

On the day succeeding the departure of Malcolm, Lord Leaton received a letter from Frolo, informing him of the death of his younger brother, who had left England many years previous to seek his fortune under the burning sun of Hindostan. The large fortune he had appropriated and was the love of his heart, the native girl, whom he had secretly married, and who, in two months after, in the same tomb made him a widower and the father of a female babe—that little Eudora, who, under her father's care, had managed to grow up even in that deadly climate. But now that father had fallen a victim to the final fever of the country, and his daughter Eudora was left destitute.

Lord Leaton had been too long separated from his brother to feel himself called to duty by fraternal affection took a more practical turn than grief. Just at this time in procuring a proper messenger to send out to India for the purpose of bringing back his niece, who, as the only child of his wife's brother, was, after Agatha, the nearest representative of his estates.

As soon as Lord Leaton had dispatched his messenger, he set out with his family to visit Paris. They took the first floor of a handsome house in a fashionable quarter of the city; but the circumstance of their being in mourning for Lord Leaton's brother caused them to live in great retirement.

This was about the time that the concerted revolution in the Papal States had been discovered and suppressed, and when some of the noblest Romans had fallen on the scaffold, and others had been driven into exile. Among those whose fate excited the liveliest sympathy were the Prince and Princess Pemilini. The prince fell gloriously in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and the princess was said to have perished in the flames when the Palace Pemilini was burned by the mob. This was the common talk of Paris when Lord Leaton and his family arrived there.

It was within a few days after their settlement in their apartments, that the attention of Lord and Lady Leaton was attracted by a lady who frequently passed them on the grand staircase. She was a tall, fine-formed, fair woman, of great beauty, clothed in deep mourning, and wearing the aspect of the profoundest sorrow. No one could have seen her without becoming interested—no one could have passed her without looking backward gloom. She was sometimes attended by a stout, darker-complexioned, middle-aged man, whose manner towards her seemed half way between that of a good uncle and a faithful and trusted domestic.

The feminine curiosity of Lady Leaton had been so much excited by this mysterious lady and her strange attendant, that she had at length acquired about her and the old gentleman all the information that could have passed her without becoming interested—no one could have passed her without looking backward gloom. She was sometimes attended by a stout, darker-complexioned, middle-aged man, whose manner towards her seemed half way between that of a good uncle and a faithful and trusted domestic.

The feminine curiosity of Lady Leaton had been so much excited by this mysterious lady and her strange attendant, that she had at length acquired about her and the old gentleman all the information that could be obtained from the servants of the house. And it was from that garrulous personage Lady Leaton learned in her astonishment that the beautiful stranger was no other than the Princess Pemilini, who had not perished in the burning Palace of Pemilini, but who had been carried from the flames in a swooning state by a faithful servant, Antonio Mario, who, for her better security, had circulated the report of her death, while he bore her off to France. She was now living in the deepest retirement, in the midst of poverty and seclusion, attended only by her faithful servant, Antonio Mario.

When Lord Leaton learned from the porteress; but she lost no time in delicately seeking the acquaintance of the beautiful and unfortunate exile.

The lively imagination of Lady Leaton was affected by her beauty, sensibility and accomplishments, by the good and benevolent heart of Lord Leaton was touched by her misfortunes, and the interest of the gentleman and the old lord of it was that they invited her to return with them to England and make Allworth Abbey her home until the clouds that hovered over her fortunes should be dispersed, and the sun should shine forth again.

They spent the autumn in Paris, and returned to Allworth Abbey just in time to prepare for Christmas.

And it was on Christmas-eve that the messenger to India returned, bringing with him Eudora Leaton. It was evening, and the family were all seated in the great drawing-room of Lord and Lady Leaton, Miss Leaton, and the Princess Pemilini, when the door of the drawing-room, when Eudora was announced.

She entered, and her extreme beauty at once produced a sensation in the room.

It was a beauty that owed nothing to external circumstances, for it was a beauty of a very powerful, and travel-stained; yet it was a beauty that sank at once into the very soul of the beholder, filling him with a strange delight. She was of medium height, and slender yet well-rounded form. Her graceful little head was covered with shining, jet-black ringlets, that fell around a face lovely as ever haunted the dream of the young lover. Her features were regular; her complexion was a pure, clear olive, deepening into a rich bloom upon the owl cheeks, and a richer still upon the small full lips; her eyes were perfect orbs of jet, tapering off to the finest points at the extremities; her eyes were large, dark and liquid, and fringed by the longest and thickest black lashes; her nose was small and straight; her mouth and chin finely lonely carved; her throat, neck and bust were rounded in the perfect contour of beauty; the whole outline of her form was ineffably beautiful. A poet would have said that her most ordinary motions might have been set to music, but to us music more melodious than the tones of her voice.

Such was the beautiful young Asiatic that stood trembling before her strange English relatives in the drawing-room of Allworth Abbey on Christmas-eve.

Lord Leaton was the first to arise and greet her.

"Welcome to England, my dearest Eudora," he said, embracing her fondly; "think that you have come to your own home, and to your own father and mother, for after our daughter Agatha we shall love you best of all the world, as after her, you know, you are the next heiress of our name and estates."

"Dear uncle, give me but a place in your heart next to my cousin Agatha, and—let the rest go," said Eudora, in a voice thrilling with emotion.

Lord Leaton then formally presented his niece to her aunt and cousin, and to the Princess Pemilini, all of whom received the beautiful young stranger with the utmost kindness and courtesy.

Agatha, in particular, seemed delighted with the acquisition of a congenial companion in her charming Indian cousin.

The evening passed delightfully; but for the sake of the weary traveller, the family party supped and separated at an unusually early hour.

It was soon after Lady Leaton had retired to her dressing-room that she heard a light tap at her door, and to her surprised exclamation of "Come in," entered the Princess Pemilini.

It was still pardon me for intruding upon you at this hour, but you know what great reason I have to be devoted to your service, kind Lady Leaton, and you know the force of my faith in promises. Therefore, I am sure you will excuse me to your presence to-night," said the princess in a wonderful voice.

"Madame, I thank you earnestly for the interest you deign to take in my welfare; but—I do not understand you," said Lady Leaton, in surprise.

"And I do not understand myself; but I must speak, for the power of prophecy is upon me! Lady Leaton, *beware of that dusky girl!*"

"Madame!" exclaimed Lady Leaton, in extreme surprise.

"Yes, I know what you would say; she is your niece, the daughter of your husband's brother. But I tell you that she is of the treacherous, cruel, and deadly Indian blood! I have watched her thoughts through this evening. I read her look when Lord Leaton spoke her that she was the next heiress after Agatha. And I tell you that the gaze of the deadly eyes of her native jungles is not more fatal. I record her look when Lord Leaton—"

"Madame, in the name of Heaven, wind me!" exclaimed Lady Leaton, in vague alarm.

The voice of the princess sank to its deepest tones, as she answered:

"The deadly upas-tree, of the Indies suffers nothing to live in its dread neighborhood. If you could transplant such a tree from an Indian plain to a fair English park, as it should grow and thrive, all beautiful life would wither under its poisonous breath, and nothing would remain but a blasted desert, and the deadly upas-tree should be all in all! Lady Leaton, beware of the young Indian sapling transplanted to your fair English park!"

"Madame, you frighten me!" exclaimed Lady Leaton.

"No, I only mean to warn you! I spoke from an irresistible impulse. And having spoken, I have no more to say but to bid you good night," said the Italian, lifting the hand of Lady Leaton to her lips, and then withdrawing, and leaving her ladyship plunged in deep thought.

CHAPTER II.

"The beautiful dead—a girl soon was her way
Into every heart in the household. No one
could meet soft, appealing gaze of her large,
dark, Oriental eyes, or hear the plaintive tones
of her low, deep, sweet voice, without feeling
powerfully drawn towards her. No one could
be with her long without seeing that the angel
form was tenanted by an angel spirit, too.

Eudora became the darling of the household. And yet, from events that quickly followed, it would seem that the prophecies of the Princess Pemilini had been true.

First of all the father of the family, Lord Leaton, a man in the early prime of life and thereof enjoyment of the finest health, sickened with a strange disease that baffled all the skill and science of his medical attendants. The most competent nurses were engaged to take their turns day and night at his bedside.

The ladies of the family also vied with each other in their attentions to the invalid. But it was observed that in his moments of greatest suffering, he would lean no one to approach him except his sister Helena.

This might be explained by the circumstances that Helena's presence was very soothing, her step was assistless, her motions smooth, her touch soft, her voice, and her gaze gentle; and all this had a very calming and subduing effect upon the irritable invalid. And thus Eudora became almost a fixture beside his couch. And all who loved Lord Leaton were grateful to the gentle girl, who patiently resigned her daily recreations and her bright hours to devote herself to him.

All except the Princess Pemilini, who was observed to shake her head and murmur to Lady Leaton:

"The fascination of the cobra-bi-capella!"

But no one paid attention to the murmured warnings of the lady, supposing that even she herself did not assign the charms of Eudora's presence to the powerful influence of a mere spell that bound all hearts to the beautiful girl.

Each night, once again, Eudora, worn out with fatigue, was ordered to go to her bed. She seized the evening-draught for her uncle, put it in the hands of her aunt, and retired to her room.

Lady Leaton was left alone to watch by the bedside of her husband.

But not the sleeping potion down upon a stand near the head of the bed, until Lord Leaton should awake from the light sleep into which he had fallen, and she went out to her dressing-room to change her dress for a warmer wrapper, in which to sit up and watch the invalid.

It was while she stood before the looking-glass which was opposite the door and reflected a portion of the sleeping-room, that Lady Leaton saw the shadow of a female figure glide along the wall, and at the same moment heard the rustle of a silk dress.

She hastily turned and entered the chamber, but found no one there. Lord Leaton had not awakened since she left him.

"His any one been in here?" inquired her ladyship.

"No one at all," he answered.

"It was fancy, then," muttered the lady to herself, as she gave the sleeping-draught to her husband.

He drank it to the dregs; yet it did not seem to produce its usual effects. The patient could not get to sleep; on the contrary, he grew more and more restless, and soon awakened fully.

Lady Leaton, in alarm, aroused the servants, and dispatched a messenger to the nearest village for the chief medical attendant, who immediately hastened to the bedside of his patient. But the utmost skill of the physician was unavailing, for, before morning, Lord Leaton was a corpse.

It was then that the medical attendant felt it his duty to declare to the grief-stricken widow that her husband had died from the effects of a virulent poison, and to demand an investigation by the coroner's jury.

This would have been a terrible blow to Lady Leaton could she have been made to receive it. But she was spared the knowledge of it.

What, he poisoned?—he, Lord Leaton, who was the kindhearted of men, who had been crushed a worm in his path, or killed a wasp that stung him?—he, who was universally beloved and honored that he had not one enemy in the wide world?—he, who could not conceive death no one could have a benefit, but in whose removal life thousands possessed the deepest interest?—he taken off by foul means? The idea was too preposterous as well as too dreadful to believe.

No; the horror of such a suspicion was not added to the misery-stricken grief of the widow.

But, as the doctor was firm in his purpose of having a post-mortem examination, and a coroner's inquest, of course both had to be held. Nothing could be done to prevent it. No man of opinion was found either in the body of the coroner's jury or the spectators from which he had drank, or anywhere else.

Under the suspicious circumstances of Lady Leaton's seeing the shadow of a female on the wall, and hearing the rustle of a female dress, the attention of suspicion was disproved by a separate examination of each member of the household, in which it was clearly shown that every one was at that hour in bed. And Lady Leaton herself, admitted that her imagination might have deceived her. The verdict of the coroner's inquest, therefore, was that the deceased died from natural causes.

Lord Leaton had died too suddenly to have made a will, but his wishes were so well understood by Lady Leaton, that she lost no time in carrying them into effect. She wrote to Rome to Malcolm Montrose, informing him of the sudden death of his uncle, and requesting him to

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cose immediately to England. She wrote, also, to Norman Montrose, who was absent with his regiment in Ireland, giving him the same facts and information, and inviting him to join his brother at Haworth Abbey by a certain day.

Malcolm, though he declined from the service of orders, was the first to obey the summons. He hastened to England, and without visiting a single soul in London, hurried to Haworth Abbey.

It was near the close of a stormy day in March that he got out of the stage-coach at Abbeytown, and having left luggage to the care of the landlord of the "Lemon Arms," set out to walk the short distance to the Abbey. He reached the top of the eastern range of hills that surrounded the Abbey just as the sun, setting behind the western hills, cast the whole dell into deep shadow.

Never had the aspect of that sombre place seemed so gloomy and depressing. The huge collection of buildings comprising the Abbey lurking at the bottom of the deep dell, reflected dimly in its dark lake, overshadowed by its gigantic oak trees, enclosed by its lofty hills, and sunk into the deepest shade by the sinking of the sun behind those hills, was well calculated to awe the traveller, even though he might not have—as Malcolm had—a personal and vivid interest in the scene.

A few moments he spent in contemplating the picture, and then rapidly descended the precipitous path leading down to the bottom of the dell, at the foot of the precipice was the gamekeeper's lodge and the principal park gate. He passed this, and took the straightest line to the Abbey.

He passed one more gate and entered the grounds immediately around the house. A short walk brought him to the outer terrace of the old stately house. An avenue of elms swept right and left around this lake and led up to the entrance front entrance of the Abbey. He took the right-hand walk, and presently met a rapid, but soon found himself before the main entrance.

Here the first object that arrested his attention was the funeral hatchment suspended over the doorway. A sigh was given to the memory of his mother, and then he went up the steps of state, and knocked at the great folding oak door of the main entrance. It was opened by the aged porter, who welcomed him respectfully, and ushered him at once into the library, where he went to announce the arrival to the widowed Lady Louise.

While awaiting the entrance of his hostess, Malcolm Montrose strolled to the lower window and looked out upon the scene—the dark lake immediately under the walls of the Abbey, rendered darker still by the overhanging branches of the evening trees, and the steep hills of the surrounding hills, behind which the full moon was now rising.

While Malcolm gazed moodily upon this scene his attention was attracted by a figure that he beheld in black, and gliding like a spirit among the trees that bordered the path below. He could not at first see her face, but the bedfolds grace of her movements declared her sex to be that of her young relative. At last she turned, and he caught an instant's glimpse of a dark face, whether, even in that moonlight, it was beautiful to be as beautiful as that of the fabled houri. The beauty disappeared behind the darker foliage of the evergreens, and Malcolm Montrose turned to greet his aunt, who now appeared.

Lady Louise was a woman of commanding, agreeable personality, widowhood, however, failed fair in body, conscientious, discreet, and affectionate in mind. She entered the room alone with her portly form dressed in widow's weeds, and her face framed from behind by a widow's cap. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and her voice was broken with grief, as she welcomed her child out her hand, and welcomed Malcolm Montrose to Haworth Abbey.

A short and agitated conversation sufficed to put Malcolm in possession of the facts upon which the reader is already acquainted; and of the result of this interview it is only necessary to say that Malcolm Montrose entirely coincided in opinion with Lady Louise and with the verdict of the coroner's jury, that the evidence that the late Lord Lorne had died of some obscure disease, and not as the doctor had believed, of poison. It was a great relief to Lady Louise to find that no accusation against the unnatural son Malcolm Montrose took the same views of the case with herself.

At the close of the interview she rang for a servant to show him to his room, as it was late and dinner was at hand.

The servant to which he was shown was situated immediately over the library, and its front bay window overlooked the same scene. Involuntarily Malcolm sauntered to the window and looked forth upon the night. The moon was now so high in the heavens that its face was reflected even in the shrouded mirror of the dark lake. As he looked forth he saw the same beautiful female figure emerge from the thicker and deeper in the shadow of the trees. She had evidently entered the building.

Malcolm turned away in disgust—he was no longer any attraction in the moonlight on the shrouded lake, and turned to give his attention to old John, the valet of the late Lord Lorne, who stood ready to assist his master in unpacking his toilet.

When Malcolm Montrose had refreshed himself with a wash and a change of dress, and stood ready to descend to the dining-room, he presented in himself one of the noblest specimens of manly beauty.

He was at this time about twenty-five years of age, tall and finely proportioned, with a strong, deep-chested, and strong-limbed. His head was small, well-poised, and covered with rich, dark, auburn hair that waved around a high, bright, white forehead. He had the features of the noblest Roman cast; his complexion was fair and ruddy, and his eyes of a clear, deep blue. His presence was imposing at once to command; his manners were at once gracious and dignified, and his conversational powers brilliant and profound. He was one of those masterpieces of creation, one of those superior men who attract and control without any effort.

When Malcolm descended, he entered the room dressing-room he found it already brilliantly lighted up for the evening, and in a blaze of light and glow of color there fair women were revealed. The first, she was his aunt, Lady Louise, arose and led him up to the other two, who immediately riveted his attention.

Reclining languidly in an easy chair on a fair girl, with a brilliant complexion, dark gray eyes, and light brown hair, confined in a net of black silk.

Standing on her right hand, and bending affectionately over her, was a large, tall, finely-formed, fair-haired woman, whose ample dress of black velvet fell around her majestic figure like the robes of a queen or the drapery of a goddess.

"Malcolm, permit me to present to you my nephew, Mr. Montrose, of Dun-Ellen; the Princess Perailli, Mr. Montrose," said Lady Louise, respectfully presenting Malcolm to the stranger.

Malcolm bowed deeply and reverentially, and expressed himself honored in making the acquaintance of the widow of the heroic Prince Perailli.

The lady, on her part, raised her stately head, smiled sweetly, carried silently, and immediately resumed her attention to the young girl in the chair. But in that single glimpse of her dark face Malcolm saw that she was of that rarest and strangest type of Italian beauty—a perfect blonde—for, although she had been born under the dark, sunny rays of Italy, and inherited the burning soul of Italy, and, indeed, if the lord of her life had been her ray of fire, it was only to be seen in the warm and glowing smile that occasionally lighted up her dark and isolated face like clear blue eyes.

Malcolm took in all these impressions during the brief moment of his introduction to the fair sensation, and then he turned to greet the young lady in the chair, and was presented to her.

He smiled her gravely and affectionately, as befitted the serious occasion of their meeting, and then, observing for the first time the extreme delicacy of her form and face, and the languor of her attitude and manner, Malcolm looked uneasy, and expressed a fear that she had been indisposed.

"No, sir, she is not indisposed; that is, not seriously indisposed," was the reply of the princess, "but she has not seemed quite well since her sad bereavement, and has been ordered by her physician to avoid all excitement. Such must have been the case, was the thought of Malcolm, as he held the cold and nerveless hand of the young girl in his own, and resolved that he would not, by any allusion to the painful circumstance of Lady Louise's and the fearful charge of the coroner's jury, disturb the quiet and calm of those in daily communion with the invalid. He was pleased with the princess, and thought her worthy of all the forbidden values followed his aunt's example, and was very kind and attentive to her.

Malcolm Montrose had come to Haworth Abbey with the full and fixed determination to remain with the bereaved ones for three months, and then, according to the terms of his father's will, to return to his regiment in Ireland, and there to remain for the next three years, when he would be entitled to the full income of his father's estate.

Malcolm Montrose had not been long in the house before he began to see that he was to be the object of the princess, who was herself a woman of brilliant accomplishments, but while exerting herself with her his thoughts continually wandered to the beautiful, dark-eyed girl on the opposite side of the table.

When dinner was over, and they returned to the drawing-room, Malcolm, who was always a most conversation, until at length, when it was time to retire, Lady Louise arose, and the party seemed fatigued, and rang for her maid to attend her to her room. Malcolm, who had been to the door, where he bade her good night, and then returned to the fire, and to his own thoughts.

On taking leave of Eulora, Malcolm again looked for the last time upon the pale, sad, and thrill of delight as strange as it was incomprehensible.

When Malcolm reached his chamber, he arose—not another child for the night, but sat down and commenced pacing thoughtfully up and down the room. He had enough of exciting subjects for meditation in the circumstances of the rest. The pressure of the magnificent Persian lady, the beauty of the fair girl, and the unfailing beauty of his fair young cousin; but through all these his thoughts continually ran the image of ineffable loveliness—Eulora, the beautiful, dark-eyed slave girl. Malcolm was not so delighted to contemplate, that as often as he glanced at his magnificent bed he saw there a dwell enchanted upon it. He would not listen to the voice within that told him that there was a dangerous vision; he meant no wrong to Agatha, and resolved to keep her so. And so he was pledged, to whom he thought his heart was pledged, he had never known the true, deep, oppression of that master-passion with which the Eastern poets, and the Eastern people, and the Eastern people, and the Eastern people

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DIRGE OF THE STRICKEN OAK.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O, Wood-Pilgrim! breathe not a sigh for the Oak,
That his great trunk has bowed to the form letter-dead!
For my glorious mission was o'er in the Land—
And sublimely I die by the Stranger's hand.

II.

Through a thousand brave years have I nestly stood
With my majesty, owned by the green-tassel'd Wood,
And I'd rather be Simon than yield up my form
Thus to fade with a common and lingering death.

III.

Nor believe that a gladness is not in my heart,
Though to ruin it bears with the fiery dart,
For imperial memories sweep from the Past
That was mine in the sunlight, the cloud and the blast.

IV.

Here the sweet birds made music a-mating nest,
With a clear, tender faith, in my broad leafy breast:
Here my branches swayed since, through full many a year,
For the stately free elk and the delicate deer!

V.

Here the mammoth smote past, in the centuries old,
With his tusk, through my bravery unscarred and bold,
Like a lion-race rushing tumultuously by
When the bolt crashes down from the flame-riven sky!

VI.

Here the lover has carved the dear name on my bole!
Here his troth-plight was given with a passionate soul!
Till the night of his thought with the beauty of his free
Made the dark of his vision as shine of Day!

VII.

Here the nations, now gone, took repose in my shade!
And what memories, what prayers were around me arrayed!
O! were one to behold the Indian's Spirit-land
In your Race's long sweep with its paces and its sorrow!

VIII.

Then, O Wood-Pilgrim! breathe not a sigh for the Oak,
That his great trunk has bowed to the form letter-dead!
Gentle death comes to all, and I feel it is good
Thus to die by the Thunderer's red-flashing bolt!

MARY WORTH'S DECISION.

A LIFE SKETCH

BY SYLVANUS CORD, JR.

Henry Alton had been admitted to the bar, and gave promise of rising to eminence in his legal profession. He was an only child, and lived with his widowed mother. His father had been a lawyer of much distinction, enjoying a lucrative practice, and died in high esteem by a wide circle of influential friends; while circumstances rendered it certain Henry, at an early age, to a social sphere which he might not otherwise have gained.

The young man had brought home some of his books, and, after tea, he sat with his mother in their quiet parlor, studying into the legal points which upon a case he had in hand. While thus engaged the postman brought a letter. It was for Henry, and was in a woman's hand and gone, he broke the seal, and read the contents. The minutes were many, and he gazed upon it a long time, his face growing pale, his lip quivering, and his whole frame trembling.

"What is it?" asked his mother, who was really alarmed by his behavior.

He read the note again, but made no answer.

"Henry, what has happened? Something has gone against you?"

"This cannot be real? he murmured, half to himself. "I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake." And as he spoke he handed the letter to his mother.

The message was from Mary Worth, and it was to the effect that she could not be his wife.

"This is her own writing," said Mrs. Alton, slowly and thoughtfully, and with troubled look. "It is her own hand, Henry, and she certainly means what she says."

"Aye," cried the youth, with a burst of passionate emotion, "I know she means what; but why has she thus made up her mind? Merciful heaven! what can be the cause?"

The mother reflected awhile, with the letter still in her hand; and finally she said, from the natural impulse of a mother's pride—

"There is one thing certain, my son: if Mary Worth can thus cast you off, she is not worth seeking. If she can find a better husband than Henry Alton, she is welcome to her choice. She has not the least I have given her credit for. Still, I know she has much destitute of character; and if she has made up her mind to this effect, she will probably abide by it. So, Henry, forget her as soon as you can, and find some one who can be both faithful and worthy."

That was a very easy remark for the mother to make—very simple advice to give—very easy for the youth to follow. He had known Mary Worth long enough to feel assured, to be assured that she could not be false or unworthy. She had never directly promised to be his wife, though he had been led to suppose that she anticipated such a result from their long and serious friendship. Only a week before he had asked the question, if she would be his companion for life, and she was not answer. And now no answer he had not expected. He was not prepared for it. He could not believe in its reality. His heart was shocked; his brain grew dizzy; and without speaking to his parent, he sought the street. He went out to gain fresh air, and to compose himself if possible.

One of Henry Alton's first impulses was to call up Mary Worth's character, and turn the scale of his life from her; but, upon reflection, he found himself unable to do this. He could turn away from the love-pub, but it would be like tearing out his own heart and casting it from him. He was forced to the conviction that he loved the maiden too well. He could not, in the dim starlight, he wandered towards her dwelling, and when he had passed before the door, and saw light in the little parlor where he had spent so many happy moments, he resolved to go in. He had not taken this step designedly. His feet had turned to that point without any will of his own; but now, that he found himself so near to the maiden, the temptation was strong upon him to see her once more, and learn what meant her strange decision. He knocked at the door, and Mary answered it herself. She was asked her if he should walk in; and she told him yes.

Mary Worth was most truly a beautiful girl, and it is no wonder that a man of real and noble should have loved her. She gave token of inner to well as of outer beauty. The light of a rich intellect gleamed in her eyes, and the wealth of a true and noble heart was apparent in the calm unctuous that softened with its influence the expression of her face. As she gazed upon Henry her thither it was very plainly to be seen that she loved him still. Her heart was full when she met him up. But she was composed, and received him with that grace of friendship which pure refinement enables its possessor to extend to all worthy objects. There was certainly a conflict within, but she conquered the emotion, and was at length calm and dignified.

Age, and within the soul of Henry Alton, too, there was conflict; and it took him longer to conquer the rising spirit; but he finally succeeded, and was then prepared to ask the question that lay deepest in his anxious thoughts. He knew enough of the maiden to know that an open, frank, straightforward course would most surely answer his purpose, and he proceeded with that understanding.

"Mary," he said, "I received a note from you this evening."

"Yes," she replied, as he regarded her as though he would be assured from her own lips that really sent it. "I directed one to her you."

"Mary,"—he spoke tremulously, and with deep feeling—"I was not prepared for such a message. I had expected something for different. I cannot understand it. If you mean that answer as your final decision, you cannot truly understand the love I bear you. You cannot realize how entirely my heart has been given up to you."

She stopped him with a beseeching wave of the hand, and spoke in a voice of deep thought, she said, her beautiful face assuming a holy serenity as she proceeded—

"Henry, I know all that you would tell me—I know how good and true your nature is—and I think I know how well you love me. In the hope which I have taken I may have done wrong; but that wrong was born in a deed omitted, and not in a deed done. If I have sinned, it has been in that I shrunk from assuming what might be deemed the office of censor and guide. I knew your nature—I knew how confident you were of your own strength—how unwilling to be check-ed—and how restive under restraint; and, knowing all this that which would have been sure to offend. I knew you well, Henry, and I think I did right in what I have done."

"And yet," said the young man, "I do not understand you."

"But you shall understand me, Henry; and in explaining my motives to you what I shall say to you a story which I had hoped should never be told. Henry, however, I trust it to you, believing that it may still be under the sacred seal; and, should you have heard it, you will know why I have answered you so strangely."

The maiden paused a moment in deep thought, and after a few moments of self-communion she spoke as follows:

"During the fifths years that my mother and myself lived in this place our life has been more calm and peaceful, for we have prayed earnestly, and have sought the spirit of truth and repentance. But, in the other years, storm and gloom have been ours. I was an only child, and my mother loved me. Was she older than I, and he was my idol for many seasons. His name was Edward Hamilton, and he was a student. He rested the highest hopes of our father and our friends. He was noble, and generous, and brave; and he was only known to be cherished. He was my first love, and I was proud of my heritage, and as an age of early youth herald recited, a mutual pledge of faithful and constant. Oh, how we did love him and idolize him!

"It is not always a principle of such lovable qualities as Charles possessed should be early received into society, and such was the case. His social nature should keep pace in its development with his moral nature. He was known among the evils to which he was exposed, his own strength of character, and his own weakness of only one. His heroine fond of the wine-cup, and he was tempted. He yielded, and, after that, after was the first to notice the danger, and she spoke to his words of warning, but he laughed at her fears. He was astonished that she could fear any danger—she, his wife—as he was sure that no power could free him his manhood by the power of the cup. In time his father saw the danger, and he warned him. But his words would not listen. He was offended that his power of resolution should be questioned.

"By and by I plead with him, claiming a sister's right, to use my influence. But it was useless. He was not offended with me, but he laughed at my fears, and, as he said, at my mother's, and assured me that there was no danger. I tried to reason with him more kindly, and had at first been only a source of temporal excitement, were the cause of offense and a growing opposite. He would not believe it. He assured me that I had been deceived, that his friend was his own master, and he cannot really pitiable that I should cast a shadow after the cloud upon his manhood. I shook my head, and uttered my solemn words, but he would not. I tried to make him see was what I saw; I tried to make him understand that this very principle which he prided himself—was being gradually undermined—was sinking him deeper into the cup. I tried to convince him that appetite was growing stronger, like power of self-control grew weaker, and would be, if he did not break away from the habit. I shook my head, and uttered my solemn words, but he would not listen. He was offended that his power of resolution should be questioned.

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"O, mortal tongue cannot tell the deep anguish of my soul, and only the angels above it know not. God must have saved her for my sake. She was my mother, and she should not seem a blank in my life—a blank of pain and woe. She was my mother, and she was a beautiful spirit, putting forth its tendrils of hope and love, and I could not shield myself from its fruit and resignation.

"Now, then, you know all. I have told you my story—I have told it for your sake, and for my own. God forgive me if I have done wrong. God help us both. And—you—you—will you forgive me, and pray for always?"

And with those words bursting forth, as though from the innermost depths of her soul, Mary Worth sank upon the sofa and wept long and sobbed aloud.

Henry Alton and knelt down and kissed the tears from his cheek, and, as he walked slowly home-ward, he pondered upon the story he had heard. He felt the honest, and so he walked slowly homeward, pondering upon the story he had heard. He felt the honest tears the pain of more, and after a few moments of self-communion she spoke as follows:

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, PRINCE AND PUBLISHER.

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GOING INTO BATTLE.

Men even of the strongest nerves and the most undisciplined pluck, do not, it may be safely presumed, feel quite comfortable when, for the first time, before fire. It is the moment of the manhood if the heart of the young soldier boils "double-quick" in his sudden knell. The "Iron Duke" admitted that he felt rather "queer" during his introductory years in the army, as a gallant officer, who fought under him in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, once assured us that when he had been also what would be called a hero he was *used to* dodge. But this feeling soon wears off. The excitement of battle swallows up every other sensation, and after having taken an active part in two or three of these engagements, he will either become indifferent, if not absolutely insensible, to danger. During the war in the Crimea, the men in the allied army were often heard speculating, on the eve of a conflict, upon the probability of obtaining certain articles of clothing, of which they stood in need, from the stocks of the Russians they expected to slay. They never seemed to take into consideration their own chances of being knocked over and stripped by the Muscovites. The cool and systematic manner in which they provided themselves with foot gear is worthy of note. When a Russian or an English soldier, on the look-out for "unconsidered trifles" after a battle, descried on the field the corpse of an enemy whose boots seemed likely to suit him, down he lay on his back, and putting his sole against those of the dead man, ascertained by the mode of measurement whether the soldier were near enough in fit to be worth the trouble of removal. During the war in the Peninsula, the "boys" displayed equal prudence. Their conversations before the engagements of Ciornhinna and Chagelmonte were not of the probabilities of being mowed down by the cannon of the foe, but of the delectable things they were soon to see in the "Halls of the Montezumas."

"All men think all men mortal but themselves," says the poet, and facts like these seem almost to justify the assertion.

It is generally supposed that desperadoes, fellows at war with society, and with whom society is at war—make the best soldiers, but this is an error. According to the testimony of all experienced officers, men of a bad character, however brave, physically, are a curse to any army. Such men are generally the prime movers of insubordination and mutiny, and if there is any treason at work, are pretty sure to be at the bottom of it. Moral courage is as essential to a military as in civil life, and it is not on attributes of this description that we look. He who goes up to battle with a clear conscience, confident in the justice of the cause for which he risks his life, and believing that God is on his side, is the very true hero. He is not bloodthirsty, he is not under the domination of a sanguinary and brutal instinct, but he is enthusiastic, and his order is required, calm and collected in emergencies, and we hear no profanity against privateers, hardships and privations, under which the destroyers would "sit down in sorrow." What but moral courage, born of integrity of purpose and confidence in Heaven, sustained the ragged, half-starved, ill-paid soldiers of a bankrupt republic, in their desperate struggle with the well-appointed legions of the world, during the darkest hours of the American Revolution? The toe-blistered Dolbens of Washington crossed, the battles of Trenton and Princeton had never been fought and won, the horror of the winter frozen at Valley Forge had never been endured, the inestimable blessing of our National Independence had never been attained, but for that noble courage and that brilliant of good and true men, at peace with God and their own consciences. Novelties and disguises are never available as food for powder in a furious charge, and even sudden applause, or calmness patiently to endure hardships, as have made the heroes of "Immortal in History," will not set down as an action that has not been wrought good soldiers.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The traffic of the civilized world is carried on by a finite number of two processes, Wholesale and Retail. Having the command of a certain amount of capital, in the circular, Wholesale is generally considered the best way to invest it, and taken by the majority of the commercial community. Retail, however, is undoubtedly "the money-making" line. It is obvious that when the human family was in the primitive organized condition, every man must have been ex ore, but must have been ex *detail*. It would have been ridiculous for the immediate descendants of Adam and Eve to purchase flour by the hundred barrels, or calico by the cargo, seeing that their wants were limited to the quantities required for home consumption; and that all the houses in the world were comprised in a small cantonment, for the support of which, enough wheat was grown and ground for the family circle. Supposing, however, that Adam, being disposed, as metaphorical, he examined, he created "securities" and "gilts" in the market, it will be for a reason we of cattle flocks, and herds, and crops. Him none was good for this line of stocks. He was a quantitarian. And it came to pass that he looked down upon, and snubbed his elder, but less arrogant, brother Retail; and because of the certain day would like a colossus, bidding the small fry walk between his legs. He does so, accordingly, at the present day—even in Republics, where "all men are born equal."

And yet if my Lord Wholesale would condescend to think the matter over, he would see that he was dependent for all his profits on the little unpretending fellow Retail—that his warehouses were founded on Retail's shops, and that were this underpaying withdrawn, down would go his business. Bereft of his plebeian constituency of shopkeepers, hawkers and peddlers, he would be a nobody. The world could make shift to get along without Wholesale, but not without Retail.

If Wholesale would lay those things to heart, he might possibly be more lenient than he sometimes is to the other fellow, in hard times, and refrain from selling him out and making a bankrupt of him as he now and then does unkindly and unnecessarily.

Just now Wholesale is in a subdued and solemn mood, or ought to be, over his plunge in fact. So, for the matter of that, is Retail. The former, in some instances, condescends to come down to the level of the latter, because the old business rule, and despising not the day of small things, Yankee Retail appears to be of this proceeding on the part of his big brother, is smaller master. We have no idea he does not.

We heartily wish both the brothers a fruitful time; and they will require it to bring in the crops. At present they lounge a good deal in stores and office chairs, which they balance on their hind legs at the angle depicted by Mrs. Trollope. But a busier season is now for distant, and in the meantime, Wholesale and Retail may appropriately read the Lessons, and imbibe the agonist, hopeful, never-say-die spirit with which the pages are filled.

WARNING AND FIGHTING.

During the rebellion in Ireland an officer wrote home to his family that in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, he was compelled to pen his letter with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. This is unquestionably a notable achievement, but is it more startling than the deeds of certain men of correspondents of the present time, as related by themselves? These gentlemen are in the performance in every forward movement. They push ripples in every engagement, encounter the most perilous reconnoissance, and it is really hard to say whether they excel most with the pen or with the sword. But do they, in the midst of peril, preserve their calm and equable frame of mind essential to the "special" duties of their country? We fear not. Else whence those gigantic *canards* which of late years we have had thrust from the gunpowder gentlemen of the Press? Consider, for instance, the case of the gentleman who, in the midst of the most fatal conflict, sent reportorial exclusive intelligence to his journal, that he had stopped to quench the smokers of the combatants under the conflict—the stern joy that was then felt in the bosom of a soldier, upon the which prevents the more vivacious among our correspondents from indulging in the weed. Then, again, there is the discrepancies between their statements and those of the officials.

Every man to his vocation—the soldier to his bed, he to his tent, and the reporter to "the man of the press" to the most powerful of all weapons, the pen. Let the latter keep a spigot in it, wielded by a competent hand, can accomplish more than the edge of the same metal fashioned into bayonets. Let the pen, then, be the "ready writers" stick to their sustainment.

MR. EVERETT'S GREAT ORATION.

Mr. EVERETT delivered his great Eulogy of Music on the Fourteen last, rose to the dignity of a Lecture, and will, we hope, be induced to escape, style, tone and delivery, it was a thorough triumph. As the reader will see, it was a fine time, and was applauded and cheered by the immense audience with the greatest degree of approbation such as is only exhibited when the deepest chords of the heart are struck by a master hand. It is a rare thing in the annals of the world to see the statesman of the Past, the eulogists of the Present, and the hopes of the Future all united as on the recent 35th Anniversary of our National Independence Day, and on the occasion we allude to; and when such an occasion does occur, it is the duty of every one to see that it is found equal to it. But on the Academy of Music, on the Fourteenth Day, there was no such meeting. The memories of the Past, the exigencies of the Present, the hopes of the Future, which so fill the imaginations and agitate the hearts of the people, were forgotten in oblivion and illustration in the fervid, golden eloquence of the orator. Nothing seemed to be in the life of every person present; it was a ground-an immortal day—a day of glory, and peace, and answerable, timely and patriotic address, unalloyed by his immediate public services to his country, would alone secure him the imperishable gratitude of his countrymen, and place his name among those which the nation will forever delight to honor.

THE CHIGNON.

This beautiful structure, which furnishes nearly a million of people with "pure and wholesome food," is now in full bloom. The fine crop promises supply, unless occasionally cleared from obstructions. About three miles from every city, which is passes through an extensive, thickly-wooded tract, and is consumed in immense quantities. Whenever every year in consequence of the march soil working like a fluid, and the trees are torn up by the roots. Numerous trunks of timber-wood are thrown into the stream in various parts, and sometimes the whole train, and in short, no superstition whatever seems to be exercised by the Croton Board over the entire portions of this invaluable water-course. The Goddess of the Fountain," apostrophized by Fitz-Greene Halleck, when the Croton made its debut in the Park, must be immeasurably disgusted with the proceedings of its Board of Works, and the Naiads on the route have much reason to complain of the manner in which the Nymph, which pointed and chokes up the sometime "crystal" streams. The Croton is now flowing in its dirtiest sometimes tastes of the nuisances which incumbents in its path, and the Board has so little difficulty in getting round or over.

THE WILD BEASTS.

A society was established in this city, a year or more ago, to stock a hundred acres of Central Park with wild beasts, and has since done so. It was understood that the ground for the Zoological gardens was to be selected because that the society had ample funds, and that they were about to start on a mighty business to various parts of the earth, to capture elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers and other "small deer." And so they have done, and have already a fine stock, which was expected to command a premium, but which, we doubt, will be a Zoological garden rendered as a free gift, is not more acceptable to the public to the bulls and bears of Wall street? A big hippopotamus has come over from Egypt, and commands his delicate in Canada. Suppose the society, if it has not captured, will have the engaging, and fence off an acre or so of the blazing head for his accommodation. A Zoological and Beautiful garden, like the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, would pay in New York, and the Central Park affords facilities for such an institution unequalled in any public grounds in Europe. There is the Croton for the aquatic fowl, fish and amphibii, and a score five times the size appropriated in Paris to the same purpose can be conveniently spared for the quadrupeds, plants, etc., from the eight hundred acres of our Central Park.

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

The following narrative of scenes and incidents at the memorable siege of Yorktown is from the journal of a soldier, long since deceased, who distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery during the war of the Revolution.

Yorktown, at that period, was quite a flourishing little village, containing some sixty or seventy houses of mild, wooden dingies dwellings. It was and is situated on the right or south bank of York river, some twenty miles from the junction of the latter with Chesapeake Bay. This river, which properly be termed an arm of the sea, is a mile wide from its confluence above Gloucester down below the town, and will allow vessels of the largest draught to approach. Opposite Yorktown is the village of Gloucester. Both these villages were occupied by British troops—the main body of the army, some seven thousand men, under Lord Cornwallis commanding in person, being quartered as the former, and a regiment of Infantry and Tarleton's famous legion at the latter.

When the allied army, under General Washington, numbering twelve thousand, exclusive of some four thousand Virginia militia, came down before the town, with the American right resting on the river below, and the left on the river above, and the centre on the high ground between the two, Lord Cornwallis was taken in a trap—by a French blockading fleet, which had sometime previously taken its station in the mouth of York river, give him no outlet to the ocean, and was now in readiness to engage by land. It was fight or surrender, and this proved it was not.

Although it may be said that the allied army had invested the town as early as the 30th of September, yet not till the 9th or October did the batteries intended to open the bombardment, the interval being employed in digging trenches, and erecting the embankments on which the guns into position. The labor of the soldier, sometimes, was severe. Working by night and day we had to take our turn with pick and shovel, and I remember well that during the time in a cold rain, sometimes reaching to our knees to wade through the swamps and for more or less exposed all the while, especially in the night, to a severe cannonade.

One night, while at work upon a redoubt upon the right, which was to mount a battery of British lines, I was called from my labor and with my musket ordered to the front. I found him slowly pacing to and fro upon the parapet of the trench, and I approached him with unsheathed arms, not knowing what his intentions might be, pleasant, though unable to think of anything I had done to merit punishment. He spoke a few words reflexed me of all apprehension, but not exactly of surprise. He said:

"Phillip, he said, in a kind and feeling tone, "you have been a brave and faithful soldier."

We both remember Valley Forge, Captain?" I replied, recalling to mind.

"Phillip, it grieves me to offer to try you so far now and on the eve of battle, but I have been asked for a brave, intelligent man, to go on secret service, and the choice of your officers has fallen upon you. Can you refuse to your duty to your country, but can you refuse to your duty to your feelings between us."

"None the other," I said I.

It is no less than doubtful to the enemy to play the part of a spy in time of war.

I instinctively shuddered, but strove to repress it.

"Who has asked for this service?" I inquired, with a trembling voice, I fear, to some.

Our great and noble commander, General Washington.

"I do not fear death so much as disgrace," I replied. 'I have a name among my comrades, and I would not lose it. I will undertake this enemy; but, to serve my country and our beloved commander-in-chief, I will undertake it, and cheerfully."

"God bless you, Phillip" he said, again grasping my hand; 'I felt I could rely on you. Fol low me."

He led me back about a hundred yards, to where the main wood grouped together. As we approached, we met Governor Jefferson, of Dark as it was, I recognized that commanding figure, and the great General Washington himself.

"Well" he said.

"He is ready to serve our country and your self," replied my guide, and he returned the salute.

"Young man," said General Washington, placing his hand on my shoulder with fatherly tenderness, "you are to undertake a service in behalf of our country. The task you have undertaken is one of great peril, requiring the incentive of glory. Should your purpose be discovered, you will be executed as a spy, and sinonet, to my the host, your name will be a by and by. Should you fail, I suppose you have considered?

"I have, your excellency!

"It only remains for me to add, then, that you are to proceed to the British camp, and you think best, so that you may be received as a deserter. When within the enemy's lines, observe all that takes place, and report to me accordingly, in so far as you can, among officers and soldiers. Should you be discovered, I shall endeavor to procure for us to know, endeavor to rescue and save you. If arrested and brought to trial as a spy, you can say you had instructions from me, and demand that you be sent to headquarters to me. May Heaven prosper you! Adieu!"

I left the presence of the commander-in-chief, and I returned to my labors a prouder and a happier man. I was chosen out from the ranks, and by lot—and the next day he was forced to the British camp, bearing a flag to the deputy rebels, to negotiate the terms of that surrender which was to make us masters of the fortress of our country.

Many words from my captain restored me, in triumph to my comrades, and I had the proud satisfaction of being regarded with envy by the British army marched out in silence, with colors cased, and laid down their arms at the feet of their conquerors—a sullen, angry, but humbled body of prisoners of war.

IMITATORS.

There are many persons who are annoyed at being imitated; when, if they would but reflect, they would gain more compliment they could possibly receive, and damaging abuse to the imitator.

Imitation is the highest flattery as a copying, and succeeds only in copying the trifling defects of the original, and failing to catch the truth volume of envy, and ill-will to superiority. This is the case of one kind of imitation so of another. It is not confined to literary supplies. There are imitators of dress—of manners—of conversation, gait, gestures and pronunciation. And here is the idea that they tell the public eye, they prate, and strut, and clutter, and write, quite incapable to that which is obvious to every body but themselves. Those himself over

DEATH OF COLONEL KNOWLTON,

AT THE BATTLE OF HARLEM, SEPT. 16th, 1776.

BY MRS. D. H. SIGOURNEY.

Green Harlem's heights were bloody red,
For there the fight and the dead
And there the flower of our strength,
Mown mortal pale, had high and strong,
Was with the fallen that day.

Then, as he bore the mortal prong,
Forth from the ranks a shrieking sprang
In agony of dread;
"O, Father!—Father, dear!" he cried,
While wildly kneeling by his side
He propp'd the drooping head.

The hero spoke without a moan,
Clasping the hand that led his rein
Fast still the grey sire;
"My son, my loved life-blin bleeds,
Haste to the field! 'Tis' mystery needs!
Lead! Leave me with the dead."

He fled, when patriot faith was strong,
When land'ly fight their country's wrong
Unblenching hearts and hands;
When last one dreadful stand's her fate,
And like a beaten block with flame
His fateful memory stands.

He dared to go where any led,
He dared to lead, though hope had fled;
The Lion-Putnam loved
His counsel and advice to claim,
And Washington, whose voice was fame,*
Bold Knowlton's name approved.

Forth my monument arise,
And spread fair tablet to the skies,
A future race to show
The freedom and that never quail'd!
The truthful creed that never fail'd!
His country memory, O, ye!

But yet those virtues pass and true,
Which found, and staunch, and hearth-tone knew
His life of Christian love;
Earth's marble is too poor to bear,
They for such eyes as never weep
With bitter misery above.

*Hartford, June 19th, 1861.

* Washington, in General Orders, the day after the battle of Harlem, said, "The gallant and brave Colonel Knowlton, who nobly fell on the 16th, never to be mourned by his country, but with gratitude and applause."

THE WASHINGTON MEMOIRS OF KNOWLTON.

THE TRIAD;
OR,
ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

[This new serial, which we here set down the first installment of this story in the Lenore of last week, may be able to understand it, we give a synopsis of what has already been related. The Triad, as it were, a secret band, organized by Benedict Arnold, to help on his meditated treason. His chief co-adjutors were Colonel Gondo, an educated Indian, and one Wells, a rich boy, living in Philadelphia. Harry Temple, a cousin to the Patriot army, on his way to the latter city with despatches for Washington, had come upon the body of a young drummer boy named Poole, who had been murdered by the "Triad," who had cut a lock of the young man's hair and placed it on his bosom—this being the horrible mark or sign for each spot all their victims fell. On this Temple's reporting this murder in Philadelphia, Arnold, who was present, pretended to be shocked at the report, because as corresponded with that they received to wreak vengeance on somebody; and Wells's name being mentioned, they rushed to his house, seized him, sealed him out, tarred and feathered him, and set the mansion on fire. It happened that Captain Temple, who was in love with Clara Wells, the boy's daughter, had been turned out of the house by the old man, who hated him, but a short time before the mob arrived. But on hearing the news, he had turned back, and after snatching from the leaders of the populace a pocket-book to injure Wells, had plunged into the flames, and rescued the child, or perish with her in the flames. At this point, therefore, Arnold, with Gondo and Wells, made, arrive on the scene, as described in the opening of the following chapter.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE.

Into the midst of the roaring and searing multitude without, with all its elements of mingled grotesqueness and horror, two men now advanced.

"What is this?" cried one, in authoritative tone and with flashing eyes.

The crowd fell back, and murmured, "General Arnold!" He was generally disliked in Philadelphia, but he was feared also.

"What is this?" he repeated, sternly.

No one answered.

"Who is that man?"

"Wells—the traitor!" cried several.

"And, prey, who told you he was a traitor?" cried Arnold. "Which of you can prove it?—Ah! And you," he cried, addressing those who were carrying Wells, "I know you—and you will suffer for this. In spite of your suspicions, that man is a good citizen. Release him to me, and go about your business."

Overawed by his manner and authority, the mob obeyed and gave up their prisoner.

"Now, Gondo, bring up the rear, my horse."

Just as Gondo left a great cry was heard.

Clara upon clear real for a moment before, the mob, in their madness, were omitting in their destructive work. But fearful suspicion about Clara Wells had been suggested, and excited their friends.

But now she slept stood there, while the vast waves of flame rolled out from every window, and from their every position of the mob, not a figure was seen emerging from the door, bearing a burden in his arms.

At once the truth flashed upon the minds of all.

Reeling and staggering, blinded and suffocated by the smoke, Harry Temple came slowly out, bearing his unconscious burden. Before him they would have taken in their first madness, was now welcomed back to safety with cries of exultation and tears of joy.

Overcome with fatigue and excitement, and weakened by the foul vapors he had been breathed, Temple had scarcely deposited his burden in safety upon the turf, when he sank down lifeless beside her.

All that was unmanly and basic. Arnold covered Clara to his carriage, where her father already had gone, and Temple was lifted by kind, though rough hands, and carried tenderly to the nearest house.

Meanwhile, Arnold drove off to his house, where he lavished upon his guests every attention. Clara recovered quickly. In deep anxiety, she asked for her father. As soon as she heard that he was uninjured, she recovered her strength rapidly. Arnold's wife bestowed upon her the most tender care and sympathy. They were congenial souls. The innocence and beauty of Clara made her loved by all, and by none more than the gentle wife of the great general. Her sympathies with Clara were heightened by the fact that she too was the daughter of a Tory, and had seen something of the troubles which Clara was undergoing. Her wonderful beauty made her an object of admiration; her pale and somewhat melancholy face seemed already to foreshadow the frightful evils that awaited her, and this sadness was now heightened by the fate that her husband was on the verge of some unparalleled crime.

In a day or so Clara was as well as ever, and in the gentle society of Mrs. Arnold she rapidly recovered her spirits.

Temple, however, recovered more slowly, for he had received serious injury. Clara did not know the full extent of her indebtedness to him, and was piqued at his absence; but afterwards thought that he kept away on her father's account.

THE TRAITOR'S MESSENGER.

Two days after this occurrence Captain Gondo was announced. His dark features seemed lighted up with joy as he greeted her.

"I have a sorrow escape, Miss Wells."

"Yes—but I can scarcely tell whom to thank for it yet."

"Oh, do you not know?"

"No."

"It was your friend, Henry Temple," said Gondo, with a sinister look.

Clara was mute with astonishment.

"He found you in the cellar. You had fainted at the moment your father was taken."

"I know, but my recollection does not extend beyond that."

"I have seen Temple."

"How is he? Was he injured?"

"Injured?" said Gondo, in surprise. "No." "Was there no danger incurred in saving me—"

"Why you were in the cellar, and the fire was all in the upper stories."

Clara was silent.

"It was a good thing, too."

"What?"

"Oh, the whole affair."

"Do you mean to say that this hideous misfortune was a good thing?" cried Clara.

"I was regarding it from my friend Temple's point of view."

"I am an Indian," said Gondo. "It is well that I have also the training of a white man. I am equal to the best of you," he cried, half boastfully; "I have gone through college, and have been drilled in the army."

"You are a wonderful man," said Wells, with sincere admiration; for, being somewhat eccentric himself, he wondered at the bravery and strength of his Indian friend.

"Were it not for you, my correspondence would have come to light long ago," said Arnold.

"No, it wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because you would never have dared to undertake it."

"I can dare a great deal," said Arnold, calmly.

"But not this."

"I give you all the praise, Gondo, and I will give you all the reward that your faithfulness deserves. You, too, Wells, have your claims on me."

"To some extent," said Wells, modestly. "The idea of the Triad is mine. I have circulated its cannon. It represents our three men very well. I still think I have gained. I have had to wring from them by force. Time does not weaken their relentless animosity, but their rage against me only intensifies itself every day. Look at me now, mysterious—if they dared to do it, how gladly they would take my life. And where are the rewards of my glorious services? They will withhold them from me till I perish—my career rests upon them still!"

"I, the president of men, am subjected daily to the treatment of a dog. My life is worn out, and I am tormented daily by swarms of contemptible fleas. I am overwhelmed by debts. Every vulgar scoundrel that ever sold me, persecutes me with his wretched bill. I am tracked by countless duns; I am visited by magistrates and lawyers; I am waited on incessantly by the sheriff. God! God! it is to be borne!" I, who have almost acted the country, am tortured to madness by the hands of the meanest wretches in human form. Ought I not to cook for revenge, whenever I cannot obtain justice?"

He paused for a moment, but continued, overcome by the force of his emotions.

"I have a right to do as I propose to now. I have a right to act. I was an American citizen once, and if I choose to withdraw from my citizenship and become a British, I have already done so now my observance; I will become a subject of England, and I have a right to do so.

"This country is yet the dominion of the British. Washington is still under their independence. If I restore to England what they have lost, who has a right to say who can blame me? I do right!

"I am now presumed to be a citizen of the United States. I own offices and commands under this government. I determined to quit it and become a traitor. And what then? Have we solved to do my utmost to hand over to my proper relative country and friends as much of the United States property as I can. By so doing I will show my attachment to Britain, and my loyalty to King George. If I am going to enter this service I will do it right, or not serve him from the moment when first this resolve was taken. I will show my sincere attachment to his throne by putting into his possession the strongest hold of the Federal property. And hence have I not a right—"

"To power," suggested Gondo.

"My single act will crush out this rebellion. While I was with it, success attended it, and while I remain with it success will continue. I leave it, rule shall follow, and the whole herd of persecutors who have so impiously followed me will be crushed in their destructive destruction!

"They will call me traitor, but what of that. The British will hail me as a true man, who in the hour of their need, left the side they will be honored in this country. Her rebellion is fast ruining her. America is fast going to destruction, she must be eventually conquered. And if I now by my single act, by the struggle to a close, America will be blessed by my act. Peace will be restored, and the ruling government. The land will have rest, and me names will be more revered than ever. *Benedict Arnold!*"

Such was his haughty zeal, writhing under his wrongs, and tormented with a burning thirst for vengeance, which he knew not sought to lessen the horror of his tremendous treachery.

"Then," said Gondo, "you have thought about crushing out this rebellion?" asked Wells.

"I am now in a position to do it."

"How?"

"I have charge of West Point."

"I heard of that."

"I will surrender West Point."

"And is it of such vast importance?"

"It is of vast importance. Listen. It is the door of the north, and the strongest fortress against the British in New York. At the critical moment when the Americans are down down in that direction I will consummate my purpose. Simultaneously, the forces assembled in the neighborhood of King's Bridge, and the French fleet in the Sound, will land. And then the British will take a flotilla of boats and sail up the Hudson and seize West Point. They will then surprise West Point. Understand me—it will be surprised. There will be a resistance, but I do not think that the resistance will be very great."

"West Point is the key of the Highlands. When once a British force holds that important point the Eastern states will be discovered from the Western. The favorite plans of Washington will all fall crushed, and the war will be at an end."

"And have you communicated your plan to Clinton?"

"Gondo takes my letter to him this night."

"Then will it be done?"

"Shortly. August begins to-morrow. In a day or so I go to Albany, and when there I will hurry my plans to a rapid conclusion."

"Your plans are unquestionable. Do if you were only commander-in-chief of the British army."

"Were I to the head of affairs I would engage to subdue the entire country in three months. But I never expect to be. The British will undoubtedly give me a command, but some of these empty-headed lordlings will be over me to thwart my plans. This blow, however, if it succeeds, will end the struggle."

"And if it fails?" said Wells.

"Then we must hold out as long as we can."

"The British will no doubt do all they

in their power; but suppose after all that it fails?"

"It will not fail."

"But suppose——"

"It shall not fail!" cried Arnold with an oath.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRITISH GENERALS.

The party prepared to retire.

Arnold drew forth a package from his breast and handed it to Gondo. The latter gave a shrill cry.

In a moment the thirty Indian warriors whom we have seen before, assembled round their leader.

At another signal they all started off, Gondo at the head, at a kind of run, in Indian file.

In the dim sight they went on with unerring accuracy, guided by Gondo, whose civilized training had weakened not one of his marvelous natural powers. This trail they had often traveled before, and knew it well.

The deep shadows of the night was all around them, but still they went on, and on at the same rate as until the distance was traversed, and they arrived in safety at their destination. They rested but little, and kept on their way with astonishing endurance. The route lay through woods, and often along the public road; but as soon as they arrived within the limits of British power, the warriors retreated into the forest and Gondo entered a house in a lonely place on a distance from the road. Here he put off his warrior and dressed in the common style of an ordinary Indian.

Thus attired he went on his way, and soon reached New York.

He at once sought out the quarters of Clinton and was speedily admitted.

Clinton sat in a large, handsome apartment, writing with his aid-de-camp seated at some small stand of the previous evening, when Gondo entered.

They knew him at once.

"Ah—there is the scout of our friend 'Gustavus,'" said Clinton. "See what it is, Andrè."

Some time before, Arnold, at the outset of his traitorous course, had, with characteristic boldness, opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton. He had written his letters in the phraseology of the commercial world, and in the case of discovery, their contents might escape suspicion. He signed the name "Gustavus" at the end of them.

Andrè responded to these under the name of John Anderson, and in the same commercial style. Of course they both changed their handwriting.

In those letters he said that he was an American officer, who had been grossly offended by the recent alliance between France and America, and was willing now to return to his allegiance to King George. But in order to have some inducement to make the change, he required to have all the property which he should lose in consequence of this change, should he return to the royal cause, secured by the British government.

In order to make the services of some value he sent to Clinton, from time to time, verious items of information, which came under their words to be true.

This correspondence had thus been carried on for months, chiefly through the agency of Gondo, who knew him to be safe and to be all that it was possible to be. His head was cunning enough to avoid danger, and strong enough to encounter any ordinary bands of enemies. Many were the flights which they had experienced on their expeditions, and many were the wonderful mazy wrinkles who had strayed upon them, and puzzled forever as a matter to be "Tried."

In the course of time, Clinton found out who Gustavus was; but he began to have suspicions once about winning him over. Arnold was in disgrace, and could not bring with him the importunt assistance which Clinton desired. This was soon evident in Arnold, who, therefore, determined to hasten his treason, and obtain a position where that treason could be of value. With this intention he had asked for the command at West Point, and Washington, though somewhat surprised, acceded to his request.

Such was the position of affairs when Gondo entered Clinton's presence.

Andrè took his letter and opened it. Clinton, who had less much of his interest in the correspondence, occupied himself with pretending questions on a piece of paper that was at his elbow. He was roused by an exclamation from Andrè.

"What is it?"

Andrè nodded at Gondo, who, with a strange smile, departed.

"Read that!" said Andrè to Clinton.

Clinton took the letter. He then underwent a strange variety of changes—astonishment, disgust, exasperation, all Arnold could be excited by during a beneficial, yet a diabolically treacherous proposal.

After reading it through once, he turned it over, and read it all through again.

"It is serious," said Clinton, "that Judas Iscariot is going to have a rival."

Andrè was silent.

"This also means what he says," resumed Clinton.

"But West Point! To gain that would be complete success. For the Americans to lose it would be ruin."

"It seems almost too much."

"No; this man is so ambitious that he is determined to strike blow worthy of his renown."

"This will ruin them."

"Can he mean it?"

"He must mean it. He runs all the risk in making the proposal."

"This cannot be adjusted without a personal interview."

"Certainly not."

"And he will see, or will not, come here. It would never do."

"No; one of our envoys, to whom we have confidence, must undertake to go to him. It will be a glorious journey however."

"But, before that time, there must be further correspondence."

"Yes," said Clinton, "and then, if all is ready, we will let some one else go."

"I, for instance, am ready," said Andrè, with a smile.

"You? It will be so much as your life is worth," said Clinton.

"There will be all the more honor to be gained then; honor," repeated Andrè, with a shrug, "honor is not in connection with this business."

"Wot Point, and, in fact all the country belongs to the King," said Clinton.

"Oh, as for that, we are bound to get all we can—the more the better; but what can we say of the man who betrays his country, his friends, and all that is most precious to the soul?"

"Say?" said Clinton, "why nothing at all. Silence is most expressive. The English language has many strong words, but none that can be given to a man like this."

"And yet we must take our part in it."

"Yes."

"It is horrible."

"It is, indeed. But it is our duty. In war we must avail ourselves of traitors."

"And yet in private life a gentleman would be treated by such a proposition."

"It is a terrible, crushing fact—such a curse. The shock of his treason will of itself be so bad as the loss of the place."

"It will be a mortal stroke."

"We must hasten it," said Clinton. "Already I feel Washington's plan whisper me too much. And these cursed French are now here, ready to unite with the Americans. As soon as they combine, we will have to act more cautiously than ever. It is a cursed business altogether," growled Clinton. "There's no chance to fight in this country. There miserable rebels never give clothing every rule of war. They have not a general among them. Then, too, the country is unfit for military purposes. It is only a collection of woods and rivers. What is the use of one of our armies out here. A handful of disciplined militia can hide among the trees, and scarcely drive them back. It's intolerable."

Then the two discussed Arnold's proposal. After a time, Clinton obtained a map, and they examined it to which Gondo was summoned.

Then Andrè wrote his answer, in the name of John Anderson, and Gondo returned with it to Arnold.

CHAPTER X.

THE ENTRANCEWAY.

At the request of Arnold, Wells and Clara departed for West Point. Arnold was now stationed there, and lived in the Commander's house on the Eastern side, and a few miles below the Point.

As Arnold could not spare Gondo, whom he still required, he requested Temple to accompany the party.

As the young officer was required there himself, he was pleased at the idea of having Clara so near him, and hoped that something might take place between them.

Still he could not help feeling deeply wounded at Clara's treatment of him, and although reconciled with him in any way, was to him not any more considered than a mere stranger. Although he was too highminded to allude to his former passion, yet he could not help feeling that he had claims on her gratitude.

Clara, on the other hand, was the prey of still more painful feelings. She had not been able to forget the image of Temple, the preserver of the gallant young officer, who but a few days before had so courageously risked his life for her sake, his words—all lived in her memory.

But then, also, was the dark and horrible outrage against her father was not to be endured. Gondo's crafty manner of dealing out his lies to her, and conveying them to her ear, in the expression he deep in her heart that, though all might be true, still Temple was entirely innocent guilty to be unworthy of her love.

They took with strange reserve. Temple to the hand of a little band of six dragoons, galloped up to the house, which was before Sir John, some female prisoners were brought which he could not help but regard with a kind of one of these prisoners—a girl of some twenty years of age, who was accused of committing the murder of which Nadir was guilty. She, and three Indians, were condemned to death.

"Certainly they did," was her firm reply; "but they acted by our *Dhunneer's* (or lord's) command."

"This may be true," it was remarked; "but you are guilty of them, for it was you who set on affray, but was a deed perpetrated in cold blood."

"Still," persisted the girl, "they had the command."

Sir John should his head, implying that it would not be received in justification.

But now, as the party approached, more from the grassed where she had been sitting, and stood before them. Two wounded Indians, who were standing at the door at the room, exchanged looks with her, and seemed pleased.

"These are your soldiers; you are their Dhunneer," said Temple, "and you will not order them this moment to advance, and put the lowest Indian to death, and condemn you, to death, would they hesitate in obeying your command?"

"No," said the girl, "they would die, and would you be guilty of our blood, or these faithful men?"

After this observation, she resumed herself, and said:

"My father and husband are Nadir's soldiers." Her position was indeed a singular one. Possible and ingenious answer of the young woman, and the fact that she commanded the men, and their female relatives, and visited the penalty of the crime on the person only of the chief, who had ordered it, and who, according to the British headquarters, succeeded to his authority.

Sir John, after a moment's reflection, said he would yes to every expert at the bow and arrow, and to the women and children, and to the young grass, where they lay concealed, by using their knowledge of the land. Their own, and when he is as safe as if travelling through the streets of Westminster. And those Indians, when treated by Europeans, proved to be the most watchful and intelligible. They and the girl were a dangerous equally with a protection by conferred in Guzerat for the service of the police, and were employed in guarding prisoners and gardens.

Although John Malcomb was in command of that district, pleased with the many really noble qualities which he found in the girl Nadir, in that he conceived the philanthropic idea of relating her condemnation, and pardoning her. In this view, his first step was to raise a small corps, consisting of only seven children." Nadir," he said he, "does robbers bed born in the services ten month, I plead them as a guard over treasure, which had a number of prisoners. And I am raising them in their own opinion, and in that of their countrymen, the community."

But this judicious reformer did not stop here in his plans of reform. He had in his personal attendants some of the most notorious of the plundering chiefs, and the good effects of this generous confidence more than answered the expectations of its author. Before the beginning confidence, he called bold and courageous men into existence and habited following.

It should be added, to the honor of this amiable officer, that women have ever been employed a prominent position among them, and their influence had much to do in suppressing the generous ordainers of the English in their work of reformation.

Many anecdotes relative to the Bheels, previous to the efforts of the English to improve their moral condition, are related, among others the following:

"An English officer, a Captain B——, had, by interrupting and wounding a Bheel while engaged in his vocation of robbery, been marked out for vengeance. In consequence of this he had a sentry at his house. But from the negligent told her, and recalled his behavior to her father, and her father's bitter insults and mockery. Thus she endeavored to fortify her belief in his baseness; but her heart was in her eyes, and her eyes were fixed upon him while pouring out which flowed over what she felt was the noblest truth in all the land.

But Harry Temple came back no more. His rode resolutely in the front, and tried hard to keep his thoughts fixed upon some problems in the art of fortification.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BHEELS OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

There is found in the wild and mountainous tracts, which separate the districts of Malwa from Nemaur and Guzerat, in Central India, a tribe which in their habits, their usages and religion, are unlike all other natives of the country. They are called the Bheels, and are supposed unquestionably the original inhabitants of the province of Ajmeer, and were driven to their present fastnesses, and to the desperate and miserable way of life they are now so long followed, by the intrusion of those tribes, wherever they may be, who have since conquered the religion of Brahma.

Fierce and savage, however, as they were, the British officers thought them on the whole a much better class than their conquerors. Their honesty could not be questioned, and especially while they are of a more generous and cheerful disposition than the Hindoos, and have many females with far more consideration than their conquerors. They are also distinguished for their blood relations in their quarrels, or in the pursuit of their enemies, they are said to be remarkable for vindictiveness; but under ordinary circumstances they are not easily provoked, as has been proven by British officers who have gone into their country, and by their own accounts, and by their own accounts, and by their own accounts

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

one thing Mark was right. He loosed the rooms, the upholsterers are arranging, for what?"

"For me, uncle!" repeated our hero with surprise.

"Yes," said the banker; "I cannot offer you a home with me, much as I should wish it; my girls—you understand—the world is so apt to talk, surmise and arrange. Lady Mansell regrets the impossibility of such an arrangement quite as much as I do."

In his heart-section the speaker was at least sincere. If his nephew but partially understood his reasons he assigned, he felt grateful for them. A home in Portland place was about the last thing he would have desired.

One of the letters marked "private" appeared to annoy his uncle seriously. He read it again and again, each time apparently with increased dissatisfaction; and on conclusion, which sounded very like "extravagant idiot!" escaped him.

Sir Jasper answered that letter himself.

"Have you ever called upon your cousin Augustus?" he demanded, as he smiled it.

"The captain has never asked me to do so," answered our hero, "and I have no desire to intrude."

Intruder! repeated the man of money; "there ought to be no such word between such near relations. This is about the hour," he added, looking at his watch, "that you will be certain to find him in his quarters—No. 10, Albany. I wish you to take this letter to him."

Mark could make the visit, literal objection. It was business, and he was his uncle's clerk. "You need not hurry," said Sir Jasper. "Hyson can attend to the unfinished details. You had better take a cab—the streets are dirty."

It was nearly one o'clock when the luckless carriage drew up at the entrance of the Albany, where Captain Mansell for several years had occupied one of the most expensive sets of chambers. The officer of the Guards, the godson of a royal duke, maintained a separate establishment. He had a perfect horror of all city connections, and never held any communication with the firm in Lombard street, unless he wanted money—a necessity which occurred pretty frequently, judging from the extravagant life he led.

"Fathers and uncles," he used to say, when speaking of Sir Jasper and Lombard street, "are his fashionable friends," are bankers, provided by nature for sons and nephews, whose privilege blood freely, only respond to their duties as they ought to do."

The retired dragoon was of a different opinion. To his grand-nephew's application for money, old Zoë, as Augustus called him, had also loosed his accepted reply:

"No!"

He never gave him any other.

Several of his brother officers were breakfasting with the spendthrift. The conversation was on Carlotta Bianca, on her last appearance, her reputation, the opera, women, horses, and the gaming table; and the wine had circulated pretty freely, when the groom announced Mr. Harold Mansell. The fellow was now in his master's service, and, seeing the family name upon the card, concluded, as a matter of course, that the captain was at home to the visitor who presented it.

A man of less tact would have betrayed the annoyance he felt; Augustus, on the contrary, whilst secretly wishing his cousin anywhere between Temple-bar and Knightsbridge, received him with well-acted cordiality, reproached him with having so long delayed visiting him, and presented him to his guests.

"Is Mr. Mansell in the army?" inquired the Honorable Major Spooner, struck by the aristocratic features and quiet, gentlemanly bearing of our hero.

"No," answered the latter, "I am merely—"

"A country gentleman," said the captain, forbiding the sentence for him, for his pride revolted at the idea of introducing so mere a relative, one who bore the same name, too, as a simple citizen.

Harold perfectly understood his cousin's motive, and smiled, a little contemptuously, perhaps, that he was also a landless one.

"Ah! so all of age you," sneered Lieutenant Cavendish, "like myself. Inferno! how, isn't it? I don't see the use of it myself."

Augustus smiled, so as to continue the opposition, and artfully changed the subject.

Brain-by, Mansell, how goes on your office with Clive & Co.? the private bankers? as well and difficult to catch as ever?" inquired the major.

Our hero colored to the temple, thinking the question addressed to himself, and was about to summon forth a reply, when, to his astonishment, his cousin answered it.

"The last I think, I shall catch the Hibernian," he said. "My plans are too well laid to fail."

"Let us have them," exclaimed the officers.

"Now, sir, then—"

"Honor!" replied his guests, with the exception of Harold.

Stubbs, the excellent, obliging old creature, has promised to take her down to Brighton, under pretence of an engagement. The theatre will not open for two months. Brighton, how well know, is a dear place; her means will soon be exhausted—"

"The assistance of a genuine friend scrupled," added the major. "Ah! I know all of campaign. What do you think of it?"

"I consider it diabolically cute and cowardly," replied our hero, firmly. "My cousin must interfering; he cannot seriously contemplate action so vile—so utterly heartless. He has a mother, sister, and the recollection—"

A laugh, in which assembled, soon died on ration were mingled, cut short the indignant words of our hero, who found himself suddenly confounded as the reproof. Augustus exclaimed, relieved by so something deliciously green and original.

"I told you, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "that Mr. Harold Mansell was from the country."

"Unwarranted to suppose," replied Cavendish "we perceive it. There is something quite refreshing in the simplicity—pardon me."

"Bacolle," added the major, who, having been educated at Eton, supplied his brother officer with the word.

"Ah! exactly; thank you, Spooner, quite wite not to enter the army; we don't patronize such ideas."

"I can believe that ideas are about the last things entertained in the army," observed Harold, with a smile. "Sir Jasper desires me with this letter for you, Augustus. Good morning! I will no longer intrude upon your time and the society of your friends."

"My cousin offers a most generous, and I know colonies contrasted purposely with the cordiality of his words, "don't think of leaving us."

"No, pway don't!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "you are quite amusing."

Neither Augustus nor his guests can look unconcerned whilst you are present, Mr. Cavendish," replied our hero, politely.

"Aw!"

"They have too keen an appreciation of your talents."

"Aw!"

"Good morning, Mr. Mansell!"

A vague suspicion floated across the feeble brain of the lieutenant that the gentleman from the country had said something that made him appear ridiculous; but, as his "I daresay" is more not very clear upon the subject, and his brother officers said nothing to enlighten him, he came to the conclusion that he was not called upon to take any further notice of it.

"Will you excuse me?" said Augustus, breaking the seal of the letter.

"Pway the client first, and drink to the pretty creature."

Whilst the wine was circulating, their host read the topic of his father's to his application he had made for the advance of his quarter's allowance.

It ran thus:

"Dear Augustus.—There must be a limit even to my weakness and liberality. I have already paid your debts to several tunes, and advanced you eight thousand pounds.

"Your affectionate father, JASPER MANSELL."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Augustus, as he crumpled the letter and threw it under the grate.

"Old story, I suppose!" observed Major Spooner.

"Yes."

"I'll bet fifty I know how it commences."

"Done!"

"'My dear sir;' *style de rigueur* of an offended creditor."

"Lost!" exclaimed the captain. "It begins, 'Dear Augustus.'"

"Augustus or Sir, the same thing," said the major. "I have already paid your debts—let me see—five times."

"Sir," exclaimed his host, picking up the letter—

"Twice, then, before you entered the Guards?"

"Just so."

"You are pecuniously," observed his friend, looking at the letter, "and I know the nature of the loss; but there are no boys now."

"None," replied the captain. "I went out with the wagons."

"I wrote to my respected author," continued the captain, as he pocketed the notes, "for an extravagant—pardon me, Mansell—and he replied by recommending marriage."

"Pah!"

"With *her* self" demanded the guests.

"Oh, the old story," answered the host, contemptuously, "fifty thousand pounds, and a countess."

"I'll take her," observed one of the officers, without the expectations. Can't you introduce me, Augustus, to the lady with the long tongue?"

"Impossible!" repeated the latter; "he refuses to advance me a penny."

"Then I'll have nothing to do—the wretches," ejaculated the corned.

"What's your method to do?—accept?"

"Never!"

"Did you ever know money," observed one of his friends. "A fellow without money is apt to make himself ridiculous."

"Very! very!"

"I shall have no great difficulty in obtaining a supply," answered the captain, rather vindictively, "if the signature of an aunt of my father Jasper Mansell may not be worth much upon 'Change; but the dove have fallen to it. I wish they had no more consolidate as fifth," he added.

"You have drunk the toast yet," observed the major.

"What toast?"

"To the pretty Clara."

"Were it a wife to the bottom of the glass, I would drink to her health!" exclaimed their host recklessly. "Come, gentlemen, fill a bumper to my next accession to the pretty Clara Bianca."

The wine was drained. It remains to be seen whether the toast was prophetic or not, being of nothing to the list of the victims the name of the poor soldier's.

CHAPTER X.

THE TOAST; what is there in the name to have occasioned such a sensation? Why did the guests of Augustus Mansell look so grave?

When Harold quitted his cousin's chambers in the Albany, he could not account to himself for the unpleasant sensation which had come over all his steps towards Princes street. The feeling was prompted by no something stronger than that honest indignation which arises in every generous mind, when dishonorable conduct is marked as a victim by licentious passion—and such it was on the part of his uncle—he understands the word, but rather a brotherly interest mingled with repugnance. He would have answered with the same generous warmth and the same of Clive, had a stranger so to him been become familiar to his ears; for, as yet, his heart had not learned to beat for another.

What the heart of our hero thought his lips uttered.

"I must not pain her," he murmured, "by letting her know that her name has been lisped in my presence, and call the blush to her cheek that would be caused by the unworthy projects of my unworthy relative. Yet, how to put her upon her guard against him? I have no claim to the intimacy, the secrets of the unfeeling, the suspicions of the good."

"Mr. Mansell, you liked being a dancer," observed the landlady.

"I repeat it."

"And would leave it?"

"Willingly, if I were willingly?"

Mrs. Page changed the conversation. Like a prudent woman of the world, she did not think it to consult herself; but she did not forget it, and resolved to watch the movements of the visitor to whether Clara from a profession she disliked, and which, unprotected, might prove dangerous to a form of loveliness girl endowed with the total gift of beauty.

The old woman's curiosity was not long unsatisfied. It had scarcely been left alone with the young lady, when Harold Mansell entered.

For several days it remained unanswered. By this time it was seven o'clock, the hour Forrest Mansell was accustomed to see Tom the eldest regular his company.

"Put that here now" cried, Tom," said his father, as they were about to start from Islington. "I'm again' to take them to see a lady."

His son would have been for less astonished had he not entertained his intention of taking him to see an elephant.

"A lady, father?"

"Didn't I speak plainly, lad?"

"Do I know her?"

"I think then best seen her," answered the old man, with a sly chuckle.

"Is she young?"

"I think her so."

"And pretty?"

"Afsir suppliance," exclaimed the French-woman.

"A guinea and a half a week," added the dancer.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Page, firmly, at the same time taking the pen from the hand of Clara, that the theatre at Brighton will not open for six weeks at least."

Madame Bianca ordered angrily her room.

"Besides, I don't approve of your going there."

Clara regarded her with astonishment, and replied, "It is a whisper that she already owed her upwards of seven pounds for rent.

"I have saved it for you."

"But it will entitle me to take Teltin into the country. You know how strongly the doctor recommended change of air."

"Teltin shall go as soon as he is fit to be removed just the same," answered her landlady. "As to you, if you accept the engagement that the women would deserve you with, you never set foot in my house again."

"Madame is a little hasty right?" exclaimed the toilet mistress.

"Hasty!" said Mrs. Page, with the most provoking coolness.

"Is she not?" said Mrs. Pigg, with the most mysterious is known."

"Mr. Mansell," observed the mistress of the house, ironically, "especially by certain Harold and myself."

"Clara," filtered the French woman, half and half, and turned to the girl. "You will not dance at his Majesty's theatre oncere."

"Oh, madame!"

"Listen to this old fool—near her ridicule, exclaimed Pigg.

There is a limit to the patience and politeness of the most amiable, and Mrs. Page had quickly found herself at the end of hers.

"Mr. Mansell!" repeated Mrs. Pigg. "Well, I am getting old, but I am neither paintied, nor do I wear false hair. I have had my forty-and-two advantages you cannot boast of. I am an honest woman—and in London. Captain Mansell, with whom you have had no tribe nor to mine him in his wickedness. This is my house, madame—and I will not have it made the resort of your sex again. I don't approve of a character like you having access to Clara. I have said it, and I repeat it."

"*Quelle vilaine femme!*" shouted the toilet mistress, rising to depart.

"Clara," said French as much as you please," said Clara's landlady, greatly relieved, as what she thought was a jar of butter—she had no faith in London butter—a linen bag, with three bonnets in it, and a bandbox, with a dozen fresh eggs.

She would have added a gallon or so of new milk, but for a delicate consideration.

"Mr. Mansell," she continued when the cab stop, kept a dairy.

The astonished her packages three times, and soon her husband and son into the coach, Mrs. Mayfield took a last look at the house.

"Am I to be Lamont!" she exclaimed, as the vehicle jolted over the stones. "Ungh! I do not like the sound of it; but I will be it, and I will it be like heathen a soot," she added.

"I hope we will find the air much purer at Islington," observed Tom.

It proved to be not his mother, which indicated no great folds in the assurance; "but then does not Mr. Lamont live in the country, Lowestoft, Lowestoft, Joe Anvil, Jesse, the Brindle cow, and all?"

"Now you are come, all this I love more ere here," replied her son. "Besides," he added with a sigh, "I shall soon see Joe and Jessie Anvil."

Mrs. Mayfield's dignity could not withstand the sudden display of affection on the part of her son. The heart approach to a frown disappeared from her brow and she shook her head and—

"Tom!" she exclaimed, "does hast a cunning tongue; it will make some poor girl's heart ache one day, I warrant."

"Don't 'on yon such things in the lad's head, dame," said her husband, good-humouredly; "there his spoilt on enough already."

This mutual intelligence between the seniors must at the idea of her having spoiled him.

"I am not to be put down so easily," said his parents the charge might have been brought against them. "I am not to be put down so easily," said his parents—an accusation we emphatically deny. Tom's only fault was confidence in his mother, no doubt was but the majority of our readers will conclude to the contrary.

Tom did not pass over the reception of their relative by the Haycocks, the two, Mr. Mayfield's brother-in-law, and Jesse Anvil, and Tom's sweetheart to obtain the key of the engines that passed through it. His curiosity was not gratified on the arrival of Harold, whose astonishment at beholding the house equalled that of Mayfield.

"Fill my pipe, Tom," said the farmer.

"Here is some most delightful sherry also.

"And now, lads," said the old man, "I'll tell thee what concerns it. Thou knowest my brother, father, who is to lieutenant a new-dangled way o' farming? He is to turn everything upside down, they say. The too old to turn it, so I have sold him the use of the land."

"And taken another?"

"No."

"All along o' time, Tom?" exclaimed his mother, "I see that there is a lady."

"I be for the best," observed the old man, softly. "I see how you're be happy over there, Master Harold, and I know that misses and I can't be happy away from there; so we in good time to Mr. Haycock's daisy, and we'll go in Lamont."

"Lamont!" mother?" exclaimed their son, grasping a hand of each; "you have made me the happiest fellow in the world. How can I ever for your goodness to me?"

"By keeping from the path to those of his friend, and the aged couple, when they witnessed the emotion of the young man, scarcely understood the scribe.

"I be for the best," said Mrs. Mayfield, as she turned upon her pillow. "But I shall not be long here, and you will be a young tinter."

Among the butter, dame!" replied her husband. "We have made our own happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF LARGE FAMILIES.

A very false notion is held by many of the opposing employment. Thousands imagine that, if they could live in Europe, they would be persons. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so much enjoyed as a home. Nothing gives a sense seasons of the year we have holidays, and nothing is done conscious to us that we cannot live only himself; but we have generally found that after two or three days' recreation, the diligent mechanic or laborer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we are made to labor, and our health, comfort, and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active. Hands, feet, eyes, and mental powers, show that we were born to be busy. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

HOUSEHOLD RECKIPTS.

GOOD FOR ALL CLIMATES AND WEATHERS.

"If you want to render your husband happy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong; scold him for doing this or that, before you know whether he did it;" disguised it be a constant, but true, remedy.

Certainly—you can't scold unless my dear husband, I'll be careful about that." Then he has probably done something else. Scolding gives the domestic atmosphere—you have to keep up a perpetual commanding, or there will be a revolt." Husbands get terribly unmanageable, sometimes, unless they are kept up to the mark. Scold, by all means, scold to your heart's content. Then let your husband be the flag of independence, and unless you beat it down for him, in double quick time, you're a lost woman! Once allow him to organize the first muster of the house, and the first you know, it will be, "Minnie, bring me a watch for my cigar, thank's dear;" or "Minnie, just look for my cravat, will you?" or even "Minnie, I've brought Jones and Brown to

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE MOURNER AT THE PAGEANT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Let a hollow sound instigate down the aisles and through the arches—
As the pompous death-procession with a measured footfall marches—
As the slow and sombre bronze bear the body past the portals—
Hear the scene of woe whose spirit has been hailed by the immortals.

Tolls the bell within the turret, jarring dome and lofty ceiling;
In the fulness, booming heavily, minute-guns are thundering-pealing;
Loud the final words are uttered by the priest the scene preceding;
But their doctrinal sounds and solemn fall on fainting ears unheeding.

"Tis a catacomb that they bury, once most eminent in stories;
It was studied in graven wisely, was the darling of the nations;
Yet was noble as tear-drop falling, not a word of anguish spoken,
Not a sob from lips repressing, sort of grief the Stoicest token.

Pine of purpose, wise to counsel, great in state craft the departed,
But the study of the statesman made the man grow heartless hearted;
He had neither wife nor children, never stooped to soft affection—
Cold unfeeling under feeling kept in merciless subjection.

Nay, there is a single mourner, with a sorrow past discrimination—
'Tis a woman aged and woman, with a body weak and trembling
Bitter grief her spirit crushes, tears are rolling down her wrinkles;
And the only son of sorrow both her feeble hands besprinkles.

Who is she in threadbare garments that so piteously bemoans him?
Not his mother—she is buried—who in this that tearful groans him?
Answer, solitary mourner—was the great man there you bruised?
Nor your husband? neither wedded in the kin-knell? then what other?

"Tis my memory brings them tear-drops—forty years ago they blended!
Forty years since his ambition to desert my love compelled him.
Forty years! ah, me! what changes forty years has made around me!
Yet they could not break the fetters, that to olden moments bound me!

I was young, and fair and loving; he, the blackest and most cruel
Of the young men of our village—and those young men were cruel.
I was poor and he was poorer; so we plighted troth and vowed to wed;
Many were his vows and earnest as to sack for gold so hoarded.
For at length he wrote me of his struggles and his longings
Of his hopeless poverty—his wealth in world to conquer—
Where he might acquire both fame and fortune—he was going—
He was going—he would return to me, when he had won the prize.
Then he told me his self-love pained him more than his affection—
He was ashamed to wed me, and to sack for gold so hoarded.

For a moment he wrote me of his struggles and his longings
Then he spoke of his self-love pained him more than his affection—
He was ashamed to wed me, and to sack for gold so hoarded.

As from post to post he traveled, as his praises filled the nation,
Fame's proud summons—say? it thrilled I shared his every station,
And, as he sat and speculated all the world around me wondered,
I would say—that great man loved me, ere we came by love to be even anointed.

"Now you know my simple story—in my heart of hearts I've told it;
Let those many years of sorrow—here I not a right to mourn him?
No! I gotten not for be mourned, as his fame filled the nation,
But I mourn my early lover, young and fair and tender hearted!

Rose and fell the anthem voices, and the organ's solemn pealing
Breaking and reverberating from the lofty fretted ceiling:
Up they raised the gilded coffin, round it curtain gauze concealing;
No one knew there were two sexes, only one of them unsteeled.

THE CAMANCHE CAPTIVES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Charles and Lucy Kennedy, respectively aged ten and eleven years, were taken captive among the Comanches of Texas, and the following is the account given by the latter of their capture, treatment, and final escape:

"In the spring of '56—my father saw proper to remove from the well-guarded interior of Texas to a settlement on the Indian frontier of the State, and he did so against the repeated warnings that the Indians in the far northwest would be likely to trouble him in some of their forays. He built a solid stone and timber, and declared that himself, overseer, and ten male negroes, would be a match for a hundred savages. Perhaps they would have been, under cover, or within an enclosure of palisades; but this could not be in the daytime, when their only sees of watching and guarding large herds of cattle and droves of horses that ran on ranges abroad in different directions. My father did not suppose any means of defence, as we had not first year passed away without any disturbance, even any report of Indians, when my aunt died, gradually grew reconciled to her new situation.

"There were only two children of us—myself and sister Lucy—and as we took inherited the fearless nature of our father, we had not caution enough even to be prudent. I was in my tenth year, and Lucy in her eleventh, and both of us were fond of long rambles through the little strips of woodland and stretches of prairie that surrounded our dwelling; and being wayward as well as darling, we often, against the earnest advice and entreaties of our mother, wandered far away from our protecting hand. That we paid dearly for our temerity and disobedience in the end, the facts I am going to relate will show.

"About a mile from our dwelling, in a romantic little dell, there was a beautiful spring of water, and in the centre of this grew a spring of clear, cold water. This place, during the heat of the days in summer, was a favorite resort for my sister and I; and here we had erected a playhouse and swing, and often amused ourselves for hours at a time.

"One day, after a long, fatiguing ramble, we were returning home rather late in the afternoon, and, being thirsty, took the spring on our way. Just before descending into the dingle, and while standing upon elevated ground that commanded a clear view over a long stretch of prairie to the northward, Lucy called my attention to what appeared to be a drove of buffaloes, or wild horses, afar in the distance.

"'Look there, Charley,' she said, with a laugh: 'what a pity that we haven't our rifles along! we might have a shot at some better game than usually falls to our lot.'

"It may be proper to explain here, that, young as I was, I had an elegant little silver-mounted rifle, which Lucy and myself had often practised with so as to have become quite proficient rifle, in both, but this, which is often took with us on our excursions, we had to-day left behind, much to our present regret.

"'Oh, well,' said I, with a sort of my lip, feeling keenly vexed that I would have no chance of trying my skill upon the distant game, 'I don't believe they're only horses with their backs loaded with packs.'

'Indians on foot,' and of course I couldn't think of firing at them.'

"'I said this a little thoughtlessly, in a spirit of banter, little thinking how much of fact my words contained, and, turning away, I was in the act of descending to the spring, when Lucy, who had kept her eyes fixed upon the distant objects, suddenly exclaimed:

"'Charley! Charley! Indians sure enough in yest!'

"I did believe you have spoken truly, Charley, though in yest: stop to look, and I can be horses, with Indians on them, sure enough.'

"I did not hesitate clearly with the naked eye; but after concentrating my gaze steadily upon one point for a few moments, I found I could human heads now and then rising above the horizon, which, of course, convinced me that the appearance of being horses then buffaloes.

"This discovery did not at all please me, neither when going into an engagement or entering battle with a superior force, with their heads beat forward to the necks of their horses, and their bodies bodies lowered over on the side of sight, and as the appearances of now and then a head rising above the horizon seemed to be one, instead of the upright figure of a man, I felt sure that the Indians had their new fashion of that marauding and blood-thirsty tribe.

"My first sensation with both of us was unfeigned alarm that fear. I believe we now believed, their object of approach in dying the direction of our dwelling, and that they were of our most exposed hours and drive it off to their dwellings, and how to prevent a sack from one of the party and knock some half-dozen of them down before their companions came, the elder Indians looking on and laughing at my prowess. After being engaged some minutes, however, I was badly beaten, and might have been killed, but for the interference of one of the two warriors, who took me home with them and kept me as a captive.

"It was a week before I was able to be abroad again, and then I found I was considerable at home in the eyes of all. As soon as I was well enough to travel, I was put through a visit consisting of exercises, being compelled to walk from one village to the other hours together, without a morsel of food, and only allowed when I at last sunk down from sheer fatigue. Every time I was thus compelled to travel to hardships, my hair was cut closer, I was stripped more naked, and my face painted and declared to be an adopted son of the villainous chief.

"I had been more than a month in the enjoyment of these honors, when I was told that their location several times since my capture. They were now about two days' journey to the poor sister, who had been very roughly treated by the band of warriors, and my father, who had also been killed in the first onset. Lucy and myself were to be separated, as the chief who had taken me as his property had a son about my own age, and he wished me to be his companion. Lucy was to be given to the squaws of the chief's family, and was to be treated as a slave.

"Both Lucy and myself now undertook to escape by night, but a harsh neglect as well as unbrotherhood to fly from the jaws of a lion. There was a wild, piercing yell, a thundering rush behind us, and in an instant I found myself borne away by the hair of the head through the air by the galloping horse in front of which I was a grim savage. Away we sped like lightning, through wood and over prairie, till we reached the main body, which Lucy and I had first seen in the distance. Here I was quickly cast down, and thus dashed forward alone, and when I now looked around for the other captive, neither she or they were not to be seen. This main body I found to be composed of more than fifty Comanche horsemen, whose superiors in the art of equestrian the world could not produce, and after hovering around and communicating with the party that had taken me, they all moved away to the southward, while he, holding me down by the collar of his shirt, compelled me to run on light blows when I struggled to escape, whipped over my shoulders, that I was not to be allowed a distant bell of woodland, where he proceeded to gag me and bind me to a tree, standing on the main scene in such a manner that I could not move them in the least. This done, he swung himself upon his horse and was off like a shot in a moment.

"In the great pain, and the most terrible suspense, I remained gagged and bound to my tree till long after night had set in. I could imagine what was taking place at home, and of course was unable to form any plan for myself to escape, if taken by surprise by such a large body of savages. Once or twice I fancied I heard the report of fire-arms, and a wild hope sprung up in my heart that my sister was being set free; but together within the stockades and make a defence that would soon be the buildings and the lives of himself and my mother; and could I but be assured of this, I felt that I could be satisfy of Lucy, I felt I could have borne my own sufferings with a degree of heroism; but there was nothing to confirm this hope, even the most moment we were speeding away like the wind, and I was borne over the brow of a hill, soon left it for behind. If we were pursued, we never saw our pursuers. We rode swiftly all night, in a southerly direction, and the next morning succeeded ourselves in a thicket, where we remained all day, our gallant beast resting and feeding near us. At dark we resumed our course, guided only by the stars, and rode through another night and part of another day, when we fell in with a body of rangers and were saved.

"We subsequently joined our parents, who had escaped with their lives and were now again living in the interior. They looked upon us as children from the grave, and our mother fainted from excess of joy. It was indeed a reunion to be remembered forever."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[A.] If the Questions under this head are usually reserved for an Answer. We state this because we have many correspondents who suppose a postpaid letter of theirs to be remembered for the Answer. Such is not the case. Our Answers are given in the order in which the matter is in hand, and answered in the order in which it is received.

ENGLISH.—The wife-sister of Henry VIII. was Catharine, widow of Arthur, Henry's brother, and daughter of Ferdinand, King of Spain. Anne Boleyn, head of Queen to Catharine, and daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Lady Elizabeth Howard, was the wife of Henry VIII. John Jane Seymour, maid of honor to Anne; Anne, daughter of the Duke of Cleves; a Protestant nobleman of Germany. Catharine Howard, the niece of Thomas, grand-daughter of the Victor of Flodden Field; and Catharine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. The last was divorced, the second was beheaded, the third died in giving birth to a son, who succeeded his father as Edward VI. the fourth was divorced, the fifth was beheaded, and the sixth survived.

HARRIS.—Queen Victoria's eldest son was Prince Frederick Edward Ernest Albert, who was born in 1841, and was created Prince of Wales in 1863. He married Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, in 1863. Their children are Albert Victor Christian Edward, born in 1864; George Frederick Ernest Albert, born in 1865; Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born in 1867; Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary Elizabeth, born in 1868; Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, born in 1869.

PERSONAL.—The full name of Napoleon Bonaparte is Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte. He was born in 1822, and was created Prince Napoleon in 1852. He married Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, in 1859. Their children are Victor Napoleon, born in 1862, and Louis Napoleon, born in 1864.

PERSONAL.—The full name of Queen Victoria is Alexandrina Victoria. She was born in 1819, and succeeded to the throne of England in 1837. She married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in 1840. Their children are Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, born in 1840; Albert Edward, born in 1841; Alice Maud Mary, born in 1843; Alfred Ernest Albert, born in 1844; Helena Augusta Victoria, born in 1846; Louise Caroline Alberta, born in 1848; Arthur William Patrick Albert, born in 1850; Leopold George Duncan Albert, born in 1853; and Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born in 1857. The Princess Royal, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, married Frederick William Nicholas Charles, Prussian nobleman of Germany, in 1858. Their children are William Frederick Charles Alexander Ernest Adalbert Oscar, born in 1859; Charlotte Victoria Thyra, born in 1860; Henry Albert Victor Frederick Leopold, born in 1862; Sigismund William Waldemar, born in 1864; Victoria Margaret Beatrice Feodore, born in 1866; and Waldemar Charles Augustus John, born in 1868.

PERSONAL.—Charles Albert Alexander Leopold Augustus Ferdinand Francis Xavier Joseph Balthasar Felix Gaspard Louis Jacques Stanislaus Xavier Regis Longin Fridolin Blasius Anthony Ignatius Guelph, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, was born in 1804, succeeded to his father's throne in 1823, and was deposed in 1830. He married Princess Marie Antoinette, daughter of Prince Clement Wenceslaus, Elector of Treves, in 1827. Their children are Augusta Caroline Marie Charlotte Amelie, born in 1822; Wilhelm Karl, born in 1806, succeeded his father as Duke of Brunswick in 1830, and married Princess Marie, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, in 1842. Their children are Prince Albert Wilhelm Heinrich, born in 1845, and Princess Marie Louise Alexandrine Caroline Auguste Julie, born in 1849.

PERSONAL.—The full name of Napoleon III. is Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He was born in 1808, and was elected President of the French Republic in 1848. He married Eugenie Marie de Montijo de Guzman, Countess de Teba, in 1853. Their children are Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, born in 1856, and Marie Clotilde Napoleon, born in 1864.

PERSONAL.—The full name of Victor Emanuel is Victor Emanuel Maria Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomas Gaetano Pius Nepomucene Januarius Alexis Aloysius Francis de Paula Leonardo Salvator Rainerius Guido Gonzaga. He was born in 1820, succeeded his father, Charles Albert, in 1849, and was proclaimed King of Italy in 1861. He married Princess Adelaide Marie Louise Therese Caroline Josephine Gaetane Walburga Rainerie Hildegarde, daughter of Archduke Rainer, Viceroy of Lombardy, in 1842. Their children are Princess Clotilde Marie Therese Victoire Amedee Fernande Gregoire Nicolette Zita Pia, born in 1843; Prince Humbert Rainer Jean Charles Stanislaus Francis Xavier Pius Marie, born in 1844; Prince Amadeus Ferdinand Maria, born in 1845; Princess Maria Pia Giuseppa Teresa Agnese Josepha Ludovica Gonzaga Rainera Walburga Immacolata Concetta Francesca di Paola Isabella Rosa Gaetana Ninfa Euphrosina Faustina Felicita Dorotea, born in 1847; Prince Oddone Maria Carlo Emanuele Vittorio Francesco Leopoldo Ferdinando Pio Giovanni Battista Maria Gennaro Isidoro Bernardo Ranieri Guido Gonzaga, born in 1846; Princess Maria Letizia Caterina Giuseppa Isabella Ludovica Amedea Bonaparte Gonzaga, born in 1850; Princess Maria Clotilde Adelaide Teresa Giuseppa Ludovica Amedea Bonaparte Gonzaga, born in 1843; Prince Thomas Francis Marie Clement Joseph Pius Januarius Aloysius Gonzaga, born in 1854; Prince Victor Napoleon Joseph Eugene Amedeus Gregory Maria Januarius Gonzaga, born in 1862; Princess Letizia Napoleon Clotilde Joseph Gabrielle Anne Gonzaga, born in 1866; and Princess Luitgarde Clotilde Joseph Gabrielle Anne Gonzaga, born in 1869.

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G. P. H.—Mary, Queen of Scots," was the daughter of James V. of Scotland, and was born in 1542. When only sixteen she married the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., but was left a widow in 1560. Five years afterwards she married her cousin, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, a man of low tastes and profligate habits, who soon jealousy murdered the queen's secretary Rizzio, but was soon afterwards himself assassinated by the house in which he was sleeping being blown up with gunpowder. Mary's second brother, the Earl of Murray, at the instigation of Queen Elizabeth, it is supposed, had Darnley murdered. The Queen fled to her sister's dominions, and was imprisoned by the instructions of Darnley. The Earl of Bothwell was tried on the charge of being implicated in the murder, and, deemed, and executed on the 8th of February, 1567.

G. W. S.—You are right only in saying that the Protestants acquitted that application by protesting against the claims of Charles V., of Germany, to the supremacy. Lutheranism was born with its great creed, Francis I., of France, and Henry VIII., of England, being devoted to crushing the reformers, whose cause a number of the most distinguished German princes had commenced. Becoming a Diet of the empire at Spires on the 15th of March, 1529, a decree was passed that no more innovations should be made upon the established religion, against which decree the Reform Princes protested, and hence the title of Protestants. These princes then formed the Smalkald league, which, in 1546, was crushed by the Emperor Charles at the famous battle of Muhlberg, and Charles, wishing to unite all the princes to repel the Turks, summoned the Diet at Ratisbon, where a decree was passed that the Protestants should be unmolested in the exercise of their worship until a general Council.

Musical readers smack at the simplicity of the Melodeon. Its tone may be discovered by a number of Mechanics was held in its position by the air by a couple of Mechanics, who, by the aid of the reeds and of the other in the ceiling. He will probably wonder a great deal more than ever, when he sees how much we belong beneath upon credulous individuals, in but one of which we can see aboard (upon which we belong to the eighteenth followers of Mahomet, and has not the slightest idea of the nature of the Bible, or of the Christian religion, and indeed admires it. Mr. Mackie (which now but the faithful are allowed to enter) to the Mahometan, and he will probably wonder at the faith of Mahomet is not suspended in the air, but that the prophet is buried magnificently under the dome of the Island, and a large mosque erected over his remains.

ANNIE.—Sometimes a young girl of seventeen, and the daughter of wealthy parents. A young girl of seventeen, and the daughter of wealthy parents, has been kidnapped, is paying his addresses to her. Her father has refused to let him marry her, and has forbidden him his visits. But Executive loves him. His father says that he will not consent to their marriage. Executive is a young man of twenty-one, who also loves Annie, and is resident: "Do advise me, dear Ledger, and tell me what I should do in this case. I am sure that Annie loves me. Her father is probably right, and you are doubtless wrong. Annie, I think, is too much devoted to visit them or even for the purpose of seeing which of you is right; and in the meantime you will be wise to keep away from without your father's knowledge and consent.

ANNIE.—Executive of England became separate from the Roman Church in 1533, during the reign, and by the influence of Henry VIII., who married Anne Boleyn for his first wife, in order to marry Anne Boleyn, he was excommunicated by Pope Clement VII. Henry, however, assuming the Parliament, and Archbishop Cranmer confirmed the divorce, and declared the marriage with Anne Boleyn valid. Cranmer was then appointed by the Pope, and declared him to be the Head of the Church of England. Monasteries and convents were suppressed by Parliament, and their revenues seized by the king. And under his son Edward VI. the separation was made final by the Parliament, which established the Protestant religion, the ascension of mass, confession, &c., and introducing the present Book of Common Prayer, instead of the Breviary.

VINCENT.—Cardinal Richelieu was the Bishop of Lucon, afterwards made cardinal, and then in 1629 Prime Minister of France. He employed his vast influence partly by the extinction of La Rochelle, secretly but powerfully assisting the Protestants in Germany, and by the destruction of the power of the nobles, ruled despotically in France, and died in 1642, at the age of fifty-seven. Louis XIII. died in 1643, and his royal subject Louis died during the next year, and was succeeded by his son, Louis XIV., and Richelieu was succeeded by Cardinal Mazarin, who was a favorite and unpopular with the people, because, but not endowed with the same genius. He died in 1661.

FINANCE.—It is not possible to estimate the amount of the debt of the United States at the present time, as on the day of the acknowledgment of their independence in 1783. The amount was then about $42,000,000, and divided into thirty-five millions of dollars; but to this sum must be added the amount of subsequent loans, and the amount of the debt of the several States which assumed in the burden of those billed to battle. The United States debt is now about $2,500,000,000, which is exceedingly small for a country.

NEW YORK.—It is impossible to settle a controversy as to who is the greatest man the world ever saw, unless we first agree upon what is meant by the word greatness. We define it thus: A great man is one who has greatly benefited the world. If these qualities are found in a person he is immune natures, namely, intellect, feeling, conscience, and will, and he is not only to many, without doubt, but also to much more of a more than men in general.

ANNIE.—Queen Victoria's only son who succeeded to the United States be republished in another country unless he has a copyright in that country, or unless the copyright is declared to be void by the courts of that country.

C. D. F.—This correspondent is a young gentleman who has written a composition entitled "Lines," and he inquires on the subject of his manuscript. "I have been told," he says, "that manuscript should be written on one side." "But cannot get it to grow fast enough." What young gentleman has not had the same difficulty? A celebrated economists never-grown. Let it alone, and the necessaries will grow much faster than you can write them.

HOUSE STAR.—The simplest way in which to ascertain the height of an object when you cannot reach it, is to compare the shadow it casts with the shadow of an object of the same height that is near it. The shadow of a house, for instance, will be longer than the high ones a shadow five feet, when in the height of the day, will be about five feet long.

X. Y. Z.—To offer your portrait to a young lady, to whom you have been introduced, and to whom you consider it is plainly assuming in the most conceited manner that you are a very handsome man. If you have a gift, intimate she was very ignorant, or greatly wanting in self-respect, she would be very much offended with you for the insult.

CURIOUS.—Your topaz, we presume, is of no great value. The topaz is certainly a very beautiful gem, but it is not considered of much value. It is found in small in all quarters of the globe. It ranks fifth in value among the gems. The diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, and, fourth, the sapphire, fifth, the topaz.

ANNIE.—Yes, it is the revolutionary war, to feed a soldier, three dollars and one-third per month. This was the pay of a private soldier, made by Robert Morris, Minister of Finance.

E. L. T.—Purity is composed of whiting and linseed oil mixed and worked together. Whiting is made of calcined chalk, levigated and purified.

G. B. M.—The salary of photographic reporters in New York ranges from eight dollars a week to twenty-five. Fifteen is a very common salary for a good hand.

ANNA.—Sutcliffe was named after Maj. Gen. Sumter of South Carolina, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown.

W. G.—Tell your wife that the way to enamel shirt-bosoms and collars, is to mix spermaceti with the starch used.

H. J. K.—The measure of St. Bartholomew took place at midnight of the 24th of August, 1572.

*** General letters should ever to be answered as soon as*